

The Nation.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has been mainly occupied during the week with the provision of restraints for Mr. Johnson, or what the canon lawyers would call "the lawful correction of his manners and excesses." The plan which seems to meet with most favor is contained in the bill reported by Mr. Edmunds for the regulation of appointments to the civil service. The proposed amendment making the President ineligible for re-election we have discussed elsewhere. The bill establishing impartial suffrage in the District of Columbia made some progress, but not much. Some attempts were made to include women in its operation, but they failed. The debate was chiefly remarkable for the stand made by Senator Wilson against an educational qualification. He declared that poor and ignorant men needed the protection of the ballot as well as the rich and educated, which is quite true; but the trouble is, the ballot does not completely protect poor or ignorant men. If Senator Wilson will visit this city the Citizens' Association will be happy, we dare say, to show him some 50,000 poor men and ignorant men whose franchise is made an instrument for their own robbery and degradation. Short a time as has elapsed since the agitation for universal suffrage began, it has, like most other agitations, produced a cant of its own, by the aid of which words are made to do duty both as facts and arguments.

CONGRESS has ordered two investigating committees—one which the press of New Orleans profess to welcome as being about to afford the citizens their first opportunity to speak before an impartial tribunal in relation to the massacre there, and one which will investigate all the circumstances connected with an affair that appears to have been very disgraceful in all its aspects. We refer to the murder of some Union soldiers, set to guard cotton, by three or four citizens of Anderson District—"some of my most respectable constituents," as J. L. Orr is reported to have remarked while they lay in jail. They were arrested by military order, tried in a military court, and sentenced to death. But their friends made great efforts to save them, and to that end sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*. General Sickles telegraphed to

Washington for instructions, and is understood to have received them. It was at the time when Mr. Johnson would not say yes and would not say no to the question whether military law was paramount in the Southern States. At all events the prisoners were secretly taken in the night out of Charleston harbor and surreptitiously removed by the United States from within the jurisdiction of the South Carolina judge. This removal is a part of the affair that we hope to see set in a strong light. The murderers were afterwards released, having been pardoned, and pardoned, it is said, through the purchased intervention of a member of the Government. Charges of this sort have been made, and no doubt will be thoroughly examined. We hope the New Orleans Committee, while it is down there, will summon Raphael Semmes before it, and publicly reprimand and admonish that "salesman of the sea" on the sad impropriety of his conduct in writing and delivering a lecture on the equipment of the *Alabama* and the international law bearing upon it. It is excusable in him to forget that he is a professor of moral philosophy; but the committee ought to bring it to his mind that he is a paroled prisoner of the United States.

THE two best known Massachusetts representatives appear to be both threatened with trouble in reference to their seats in the Fortieth Congress. A committee of five citizens of General Banks's district seem to have made a trip to Portland for the purpose of procuring affidavits from hotel-waiters and other inhabitants of that city in reference to alleged indiscretions on the part of the general during his visit. Hereupon they address a note to their representative reminding him of a promise solemnly made by him in Malden, to the effect that if the accusations against him were proved to be true, he would resign. Which, as Mrs. Gamp says, perhaps he may do it. Meantime, while we have nothing to say against the doing of painful duties, the Roman virtue of patriotism, and so forth, we can assure the prominent citizens of the Sixth District who went to Portland that they might perhaps just as well, all things considered, have let the matter rest. The public mind was pretty well made up before as to what happened at Portland, and it is pushing a man a little too hard to insist now on a full confession which, to have been good for the soul, as the phrase goes, ought to have been made long ago. As for General Butler, his Democratic opponent has been formally protesting to the governor against the general's getting a certificate of election, on the ground that he was not a resident of the Fifth District. The State Attorney-General replies that it is not proper to go behind the record, which states that Benj. F. Butler, of Gloucester, has a majority of all the votes cast in that district. The expectation seems to be that Mr. Northend will contest the seat, and get the opinion of Congress upon the question whether or not the State law requiring residence in the district is overridden by the constitutional provision which requires residence in the State, but is silent upon the other question. But Mr. Northend ought not to be made bear the necessary expense a'one. It is likely that a final determination of the abstract question, and this is desirable, would not enure to Mr. Northend's practical benefit; though if his mind is troubled as to whether he or Gen. Butler is the representative, he will doubtless get it set at rest.

THE New York *World* strenuously maintained throughout the war that the national debt could not and would not ever be paid, and showed on several occasions that, inasmuch as it was nearly as large as the British debt, and as the interest was double, and this was the poorer country of the two, our case was hopeless. It is now horrified at the thought of this generation paying it all off as Mr. McCulloch has suggested; and asks indignantly, like Sir Boyle Roche, what posterity has

ever done for us that we should assume its burdens. It has been extremely difficult to please the Democrats about this matter. They are angry if we do not pay the debt at all, angry if we pay it soon, angry if we put off the payment a long while; and yet it must either be paid or not paid, or if paid, must be paid some time.

SENATOR WILLIAMS's bill to regulate the term of office, which was referred to the Retrenchment committee, has reappeared in the Senate and will probably pass. So far as it goes it is good, for it takes away a portion of his overgrown power from the Executive and gives it to the Senate; but it badly needs to be supplemented by an addition which shall take away from both some part of a power which, for the last forty years at any rate, neither has been famous for using well. The Judiciary Committee, however, is likely to do this before many months, and fix by law the qualifications for office, the rule of promotion, and what shall constitute ground for dismissal. Meantime this bill stops decapitation. When it becomes law the President alone may remove—of officers whose appointment is by advice and consent of the Senate—only the members of his cabinet. He may suspend all other officers and appoint substitutes, but within twenty days after the opening of the next session of Congress he must lay before the Senate his reason for his action, and unless the Senate then concurs, the temporary substitutes must vacate their place and they revert to the former occupants. Offices vacated by reason of death or resignation may also be filled by the President's appointment, but before the end of the next session of Congress the Senate's consent must be had. Of course it may be doubted whether, without some further legislation, the character of our office-holders is going to be at all improved; but certainly no future President on bad terms with a future Senate will ever be of so much importance as Mr. Johnson was awhile ago.

THE number of female employees in the Treasury Department has become so great, and many of them are so inefficient, that the question of making a clean sweep of them is undergoing serious discussion at Washington. A great many, probably the majority, owe their appointments not to their merits or capacity, but to the solicitation of friends, and a great many more to the mere fact that they are women, and dependent on their own exertions for support. In so far as women have anything done for them in the Government service which would not be done for men, or are kept in places which men would fill better, it is simply an abuse, which would assume monstrous proportions whenever women were admitted to the ballot. If women are to be "emancipated" (and we think they ought to be), they must take the burdens as well as the privileges of active free life. If marriage is to cease to be their vocation any more than men's, they must compete on exactly equal terms with men in all employments and occupations; and the time has come for this rule to be faithfully remembered and rigidly enforced. The state of things, we may add, in the Treasury Department, if there be any foundation for prevailing rumors, has not been of a kind to encourage an extension of the system of employing women in large numbers in public offices.

ADMIRAL SEMMES is about to lecture on his own exploits, and upon the "international law" bearing on them, at Galveston, Texas. We have indulged in some pleasantries about this personage, but he is really becoming too serious to joke about. We submit, in all gravity, for the consideration of Congress, whether there be not some truth in the suggestion of a writer in the *New York Times* a few days ago, that the spectacle of Semmes parading the country unwhipped of justice, and teaching "moral" and political philosophy to the youth of the South, is not an unpleasant and damaging commentary upon the diplomatic attitude we have assumed in London. If the *Alabama* was a pirate ship, and the British Government be liable for all damage done by her, Semmes was a buccaneer, and deserves legal punishment. If, as Mr. Johnson has been pleased to hold, he is exempt from punishment by reason of the parole which he gave, and which ought never to have been accepted, then we ask that he receive the treatment of a paroled prisoner, and be at least condemned to silence until our claims on Great Britain are settled.

We may add that there can be no question that the impunity accorded to worthies like this admiral increases every day the difficulties in the way of settling the South. What Southerner can believe in the earnestness or determination of a government which permits unpardoned traitors to parade the country, justifying their exploits on high moral grounds? Semmes is clearly an irrepressible dunderhead of the Cornell Jewett and George Francis Train order, who has lost his reckoning and is wandering about in utter ignorance of all his bearings, both moral, social, and political, and it would be a kindness to him to relegate him to his home and the cultivation of some harmless vegetable.

GOVERNOR PATTON, of Alabama, an elderly gentleman, not, we believe of any profession, but an honorable and successful business man, is the first of the Southern governors to see the political folly of his people in refusing to ratify the constitutional amendment, and has had the sense and courage to fall out of line, and even to be inconsistent with himself, for, repudiating his message on the opening of the session, he has sent a special message to the Legislature recommending that Alabama should adopt the amendment lest a worse thing befall her. This the Legislature has refused to do, though it is possible they might if they knew how ardently the people they hate here in the North are hoping that they will not. North Carolina has rejected the amendment, and the Raleigh *Sentinel*, Governor Worth's organ, the organ of the late secessionists, gravely explains its opposition by stating that it objects on principle—from habit, too, it might have said, if it were not for some recent difficulties—to any measures which look to the injury of the old Government.

THE precise number, never before ascertained though not infrequently spoken about, of enlightened statesmen, absolutely necessary legislators, men of character, ability, and influence, in the Southern States, has been ascertained. Some very industrious, or very idle, person has gone into a computation of the number of people incapacitated for office-holding by the Constitutional Amendment, and finds it to be 29,745, this total being made up of 1 rebel President, 7 rebel cabinet officers, 132 rebel congressmen, 140 rebel governors with their military families, 5,000 justices of the peace, and all the State and United States judiciary, the postmasters, county clerks, attorneys, officers who deserted from the regular army and navy, sheriffs, custom-house officers, and all members of all the disabled classes. Unfortunately the thirty thousand, more or less, do possess most of the intelligence extant in the South, and it is, at any rate, from among them, almost, you may say, by them, that the State legislatures are elected—members of which are asked to vote their own disfranchisement. Unfortunately for them, the request is made by a power which can demand and enforce almost anything—a truism which the Southern mind seems to have not yet assimilated.

THE diplomatic correspondence about the departure of the French troops from Mexico has been published, and simply shows that the Emperor agreed to call his troops home by instalments, beginning in November, but has not done so, and says he will keep them all there till spring, whereat Mr. Seward is naturally angry, and insists somewhat tartly; but there is no question that he has furnished an excuse for this breach of faith in his own failure to abstain from active interference till the French had withdrawn. The Sherman-Campbell mission is in itself a kind of moral kick to the departing army to which the French Government cannot submit if it would; and as the result of all the negotiation, Mr. Bigelow has been assured that France will quit Mexico because it suits her to do so, and will choose the time of her going to fit her own convenience, which is very disagreeable talk to hear. The letter of instructions to Mr. Campbell is less violent than we had expected, but is in every way very vague; and if Mr. Campbell gets much guidance out of it he must be a very remarkable man. The *Tribune* has got out of the fog in which it seemed to be struggling on this subject last week, and has been discussing the correspondence with great skill and perspicacity, and with all the force of moderation.

THE story of Surratt's arrest has been told at great length in the correspondence published in the newspapers. Mr. Boutwell's insinuation that the Government knew where he was, but purposely avoided arresting him, proves to be baseless. Nothing seems to have been left undone to bring the man to justice from the moment that his traces were discovered. The most remarkable features of the story of the capture are, perhaps, the illustration it affords of the intensity of the light which the railroad and telegraph throw over all civilized countries, and the extent to which persons of means and position seem to have been implicated, if not in Surratt's crime, at least in protecting him against its consequences. He seems to be a hardened scoundrel, and his offence ought to have made every civilized man his enemy; and yet he was sheltered by a Catholic priest in Canada (this, however, may be accounted for on innocent grounds), and seems to have found friends everywhere to supply him with money and assist him in making his escape. Whether we shall ever get a glimpse of the background of the plot is more than doubtful; but there is now no question that it was not the work simply of a few obscure vagabonds at Washington, but that Southern sympathizers of wealth and education, both here and in England, were cognizant of it, and admitted the claims of the conspirators upon them for advice and aid. This, taken in connection with the desperate defence made for Governor Eyre by the upper classes in England, is one of the most curious and significant signs of the times.

EVERY influence, social and political, that can be brought to bear upon the matter is used in England to defeat the efforts of the Jamaica Committee to bring Governor Eyre to trial. Their counsel, Mr. Coleridge, the ablest criminal lawyer at the bar, and a strong opponent of Eyre, has been carried off from them by the other side, under a ruling of the Attorney-General, who, as head of the bar, settles all questions of etiquette, that the retainer of a voluntary unincorporated association is not binding—a decision which would apply equally to a hundred benevolent and philanthropic societies. A barrister has actually written a book to prove Eyre's legal innocence, his position being that, on the outbreak of a riot even, in any part of the country, the authorities may declare martial law in all other parts, and hang or shoot anybody they please with or without trial or evidence. The *Daily News* very sensibly remarks that if this be the law, it is so very alarming that it would be well to get it laid down by a judge. Strong hopes are entertained by Eyre's friends that the Grand Jury will ignore the bill; but a formidable enemy has appeared on the field in the person of Lieutenant Brand, who presided at the court-martials by which nearly two hundred people were hanged. He has written two letters to Mr. Buxton, which are models of ward-room chaff and scurrility, and exhibit the young gentleman's character and temper in so shocking a light that the Admiralty has in very shame ordered him home for trial.

THE question of how to get men for the army is still agitating England, to the exclusion of everything else except the Eyre trial. The report of the commission appointed to enquire into the matter is admitted to be ridiculous; but the "upper classes" cannot bear to have the real difficulty touched—the aristocratic constitution of the army—the separation of the officers and men not by official rank only, but by caste. The chances seem to be that the present system will last till broken down by some tremendous national peril.

THE French army is gradually leaving Rome, and the probable fate of the Pope is probably producing more discussion on the Continent than any other question of modern times; for it engages the attention of the women as nothing else would. The French bishops are attacking modern society as the cause of all the trouble—which is a truth, but a very barren one, as modern society can neither be got rid of nor changed. Ricasoli and Mazzini are, in the meantime, contending for the allegiance of the Romans, who will probably listen to the former, and keep quiet. The Pope is praying and waiting, but there is no telling the moment when he may run away, which both the French and Italians are interested in preventing. Where he would go, nobody can even guess, but he would have his path strewed with heavy Latin curses. One French bishop suggests a crusade; but the Catholic powers are all either indifferent or under a cloud, and the "age of faith" is past.

THE FREEDMEN.

A RECENT decision of Judge Spence, of the Maryland Circuit Court, has an important bearing on all those cases of negro apprenticeship by which a sort of slavery has been re-established in that State. The judge found, in the case of an apprentice claimed as such by Mr. George E. Austin, that the Orphans' Court, which is one of limited jurisdiction, had neglected to observe the following requirements of the law—that information, either oral or written, must be lodged with the court before any action can be taken by it; that the child and parents must be summoned; that examination must be had; that it must appear that the parents had not the means to support their child, or, if they had, were unwilling to support it; that the wishes of the parents were to be consulted as to the master, or of the child if they expressed no preference. It is notorious, apart from the deficiency of the court records in these particulars, that the wishes of neither parents nor children were regarded, but that the court lent itself with indecent alacrity to the service of men who were as truly kidnappers as those who used to disturb the peace of the North in the palmy days of slavery; and it is urged, with good reason, that no time should be lost in rescuing all those who were bound by the same invalid indentures by the aid of the *habeas corpus* and of Justice Spence.

—Gen. Lewis, Bureau Commissioner, has returned from a tour to East Tennessee, where he found the freedmen generally prosperous and on amicable terms with their employers. The colored schools are on the increase, and the ambition to learn is everywhere strongly manifested. The Commissioner is called west to investigate some fresh assaults upon the colored people in Obion and Henry Counties, especially at Union City. An effort is making to frighten them away from that region. There exists a great deal of suffering and destitution at Chattanooga.

—The disbanding of several colored regiments in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., has swelled considerably the deposits in the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company. Those of the Seventh U. S. C. T. amounted to \$33,000, and of the Thirty-sixth to \$30,000.

—The Baptist State Convention of Texas has taken steps to raise \$100,000 for the endowment of a colored normal school at Independence, Washington County, about eighty miles east of Austin. Rev. J. F. Hillyer, a former slaveholder, has arrived here, with a letter of recommendation from Gen. Kiddoo, and will canvass for funds. The value of normal schools at the North has been much discussed, but their utility in the case of the freedmen is not questionable. It is certain that a large part of the teachers of the South will ultimately be colored, and it is equally certain—so pressing is the need for their services—that they will be trained strictly with a view to the practice of their vocation, and not to their general education as members of society.

—Joseph E. Davis, brother of Jefferson, having received from the President his old possessions on the Mississippi, has just let the "Hurricane" and "Briarfield" plantations in Warren County to B. T. Montgomery for a term of years. Mr. Montgomery, who is a colored man and "one of the business managers" of the aforesaid Joseph, has projected a community of his own people, whom he expects, "by the pursuit of agriculture, horticulture, and manufacturing and mechanical arts, as well as the raising of stock, to attain as much prosperity and happiness as are consistent with human nature." We quote from the advertisement, in a paper in which colored people used to figure chiefly as head-pieces, and rarely enough as "the undersigned" or as original contributors. It probably pays much better to advertise colored enterprise in agriculture than colored enterprise in running away.

—Gen. Sickles's report is one of the best-written and most instructive of those submitted by the Secretary of War to Congress. One sentence of it conveys the whole philosophy of Southern society as at present organized, or, rather, disorganized:

"The truth is, that in certain localities of these States personal encounters, assaults, and difficulties between citizens, often resulting in serious wounds and death, have for years occurred without the serious notice or action of the civil authorities; and in those neighborhoods where it has heretofore seemed to the population officious to arrest and punish citizens for assault upon each other, they can hardly be expected to yield with any grace to arrests for assaults and outrages upon negroes. It is precisely in these localities that the most impatience is displayed at the presence of a garrison, because people who have long violated civil law with impunity dislike martial law, or any other law that is enforced."

Notes.

LITERARY.

The book market seems to be very much overstocked. There is not the demand for books that was anticipated in the spring, in fact it is smaller than it has been since 1857, and all the large booksellers' shops are full of unsold imported works. We understand that the Messrs. Appleton are going to resort to auctions to get rid of some of their stock. As a consequence, there are fewer books published this season than usual, and scarcely any holiday illustrated works. The publishers have chiefly confined themselves to issuing London books under their imprint. Of these there are many which are valuable. Especially noticeable are photographic selections from the works of Rembrandt, Raphael, Mulready, Birket Foster, and Reynolds, the latter called "English Children." "Paradise Lost," illustrated by Doré, is also worthy of remark—for its badness. Some of the old gift books have been reprinted in new editions, such as "The Round of Days" and "Folk Songs." The last has been thoroughly revised, and nearly a hundred and fifty pages of new matter have been added, including some popular poems by recent authors.

—Cambro-American literature has recently sustained a severe loss by the death of Rev. William Rowlands, D.D., author of a volume of expositions on the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," and a number of smaller works. He started the first Welsh magazine in the United States, about thirty years ago, which he still owned and conducted at the time of his death. He exhibited much learning and ability as an author and preacher, and his talents gave him great influence among his countrymen.

—The works of Champlain, the first governor of New France, are about to be published, under the patronage of the University of Laval, by M. C. H. Laverdière, M.A., librarian of the university. They will form six volumes quarto, printed with antique-faced type on good paper. The text will be a faithful reproduction of the original, and will be accompanied by notes. The six volumes will contain all of Champlain's *voyages*, with photo-lithographic fac-similes of all the maps and vignettes in the editions of 1618, 1619, and 1632; the "Traité de la Marine;" the "Catechisme huron du P. Brebœuf;" a dissertation on the maps of Champlain; and a topographic dictionary of old Canada. The subscription price has, since the 1st of December, been increased from £3 to £6; and subscribers' names will be received by Messrs. Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, London, and by their agents in New York, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt.

—While an impatient public is waiting for the conclusion of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign from Mr. Froude, the first and second volumes of which have just been republished, being the seventh and eighth of the whole work, a Frenchman, M. J. M. Dargaud, comes in with his "Histoire d'Elisabeth d'Angleterre," which is readable and entertaining, though often inaccurate in small matters. His book almost seems written to illustrate the motto of Catherine II. that it bears on its title-page: "Vierge, non; femme, peut-être; reine et grande reine assurément." He is a good lover as well as a good hater. His enthusiastic hatred for Elizabeth and admiration for Mary of Scots does not lead him to exaggerate the facts, but he speaks with great impartiality. His dislike of Philip II. is very intense, and he is therefore able to feel a higher admiration for those naval successes of England which in the end made her for a time "mistress of the seas." Some of his pictures are well drawn, and his appreciation of character is often keen. The curious mistakes of spelling proper names that are met with on every page make us wonder why it is that French writers, who are so careful about the finish of their style, are so uniformly inaccurate in their use of English words. Do they never correct their own proof, or do they never take the trouble to verify a word? Here we have, among many others, Stripe, Witaker, Trokmorton, Velverton, Markam, Davers, and Hatway, which last is M. Dargaud's way of representing the maiden name of Shakespeare's wife.

—Persons go out of fashion as well as things, and most persons now find anecdotes of Chatham and Burke, and the other dignitaries of that time, very dull reading. Even George III. himself can hardly excite

deep interest, much less enthusiasm. The petty gossip about the heroes of England in the last half of the last century seems to have exerted a quieting, soporific influence on its chronicler, and Mr. J. Heneage Jesse was unable to rouse himself to fervor in his "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George III." He shows great and praiseworthy industry as an historical collector, and his book is a summary of many memoirs, diaries, journals, and correspondence. The personal history of the king was, however, more romantic than many persons think it. The stupid obstinacy and insanity of his later life has made men almost forget the little escapades with Hannah Lightfoot and Lady Sarah Lennox. The many private and hitherto unpublished letters of the king add a substantial value to the book of Mr. Jesse, as they are generally well written. Among the private papers few are more interesting than Queen Charlotte's own account of her journey from Mecklenburg to St. James's, her reception there and her wedding. Lady Sarah Lennox was one of the bridesmaids. The king kept his countenance very well until the passage of the service was read which invokes a blessing like that bestowed on Abraham and Sarah, when his Majesty's self-possession forsook him, and his uneasiness was perceptible to every one. To all who, in spite of the fashion and the times, are at all interested in the private history of the last century, this book will prove a very entertaining collection.

—The "Correspondence of William the Silent, Prince of Orange," the publication of which was begun in 1847, has at last been all printed. It fills six octavo volumes, and comprises more than nine hundred letters to and from William of Orange, ninety-one documents concerning his proscription and assassination, and thirty-six papers that relate to his family, his revenues, etc. M. Gachard, the *archiviste général* of Belgium, is the editor of the work, for which he has made long and laborious researches, beginning before 1830, in the archives of Brussels, and extending them later to Ghent, Ypres, The Hague, Simancas, and the Imperial Library of Paris—everywhere, indeed, where he had a hope of finding traces of his hero. His collection is better and fuller than the "Archives on Correspondance inédite de la maison d'Orange-Nassau" of M. Groen van Prinsterer, and is indispensable to the historical student who desires to comprehend the character of the great liberator, and to understand the part which he played in the revolution of the Netherlands. The comments, notes, and historical introductions are not the least valuable part of the book, whose publication is a great service to history.

—It is not long since Dr. Adolf Stahr published his lines of "Tiberius" and "Cleopatra," the latter of which has been reviewed in this journal, in which he gave his reasons for supposing the popular estimate of those personages to be erroneous, and took a much better view of their characters. His favorite device for excusing Tiberius was to account for suspicious circumstances by reference to certain supposed memoirs of Agrippina, where all the emperor's actions were conjectured to have been systematically maligned. He is, therefore, prevented from saying much in Agrippina's favor, whose portrait he draws in his last volume, "Agrippina, die Mutter Nero's." He, however, finds a new client in Messalina, who, he claims, was another victim of Agrippina's slanders. In an appendix, an analysis is given of the "Octavia" and the "Apocolocyntosis," neither of which he is willing to attribute to Seneca.

—Messrs. Williams & Norgate announce a new edition—or rather the first genuine edition, for that of Cardinal Mai was inaccurate and doctored—of the Greek text of the New Testament from the Codex Vaticanus. It is edited by Prof. Tischendorf, who spent last spring in Rome to examine the MS., and will be a companion volume to the quarto edition of the Codex Sinaiticus. It will give the true text of the MS., indicating throughout the pages and columns of the original, and in some part the single lines. The later alterations, which have been so often confounded with the original text, will be for the first time distinguished not only from the text, but from a third writing, later by several centuries. The book will also contain valuable prolegomena: on the history of the Codex, on its paleographic and other peculiarities, on the corrections, on the date of its execution, and on the character of the text. Prof. Tischendorf makes an extended and careful comparison of the Codex Vaticanus with the Codex Sinaiticus, with

very remarkable results as to the relation of these two important manuscripts. A companion volume is also announced, under the title of an "Appendix," which will contain two more leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus, in fac-simile, being fragments of the Pentateuch found in the covers of old bindings in the monastery of Mt. Sinai; nineteen three-column pages of the Codex Vaticanus, taken from fifteen books of the New Testament, and a double column of the poetical books of the Old Testament, in fac-simile; and the complete text of the letters of Clemens Romanus, from the Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum, which have never been accurately edited. The two volumes will appear early in 1867.

—Dr. Martin Haug, for years professor of Sanskrit at Poona College in India, has returned to Europe, and intends residing at Stuttgart. He has with him a large collection of manuscripts, chiefly Vedic ones, Zend, Pehlvi, among which are several very rare and hitherto unknown works, which are to be published either by himself or other scholars. He possesses, also, a collection of the sacrificial vessels of the Brahmans and Parsees, and is preparing a descriptive catalogue of them. Dr. Haug has nearly ready for the press his expected work on the Zoroastrian religion, and purposes issuing an edition of the Brihad Devatā, a rare Sanskrit work on Vedic mythology, which will contain the text, a commentary, and an English translation. Before the departure of Dr. Haug from India, he was appointed by the Bombay government, in connection with a Parsee gentleman, Destur Hostengji-Jamaspji, of Poona, to prepare a series of Zend-Pehlvi works in such a manner as to prove useful to scholars also. Five books are now in progress under that arrangement.

—We welcome and wish all success to the *American Journal of Horticulture*, published by Tilton & Co., of Boston, of which the first number, dated January, 1867, is before us. The plan of the publication is an admirable one, and, if the editor is able to carry it out, he will render good service to the country. The design of the vignette title is unpromising, but the essential matter of this number is generally excellent in itself, well arranged, and neatly printed, there being a great advance in the latter respect upon any existing American publication of the kind.

SCIENTIFIC.

STIMULATION OF THE HEART'S ACTION BY NITRITE OF AMYLE.—A compound called nitrite of amyle, obtained by acting upon fusel-oil with nitroso acid, long known to chemists, but hitherto considered of little importance, has latterly been attracting considerable attention, in view of the extremely powerful influence which it has upon the action of the heart. Dr. Richardson, of London, has gone so far as to question whether this nitrite of amyle might not prove capable of recalling the heart into action after that organ had ceased to beat, in such cases of sudden death as drowning or by suffocation with poisonous vapors. To test the matter, Dr. Richardson performed a series of experiments by injecting the nitrite into the blood-vessels; but he obtained only negative results; probably, as Dr. R. thinks, in consequence of improper methods of administration rather than from error in principle.

Though failing to attain the result directly aimed at, Dr. Richardson has incidentally brought out several interesting facts, and he seems to have been very much struck with the almost magical power of the liquid in his hands. We append a brief abstract of the general remarks which follow the report of his experiments: It is probable that the extreme stimulation of the action of the heart which occurs after the inhalation of nitrite of amyle is due to direct action upon the heart through the nervous system. Now, the experience of everyday life teaches that the heart may be thrown into a similar condition of activity by forces which are communicated to the senses from the external world, and through them transmitted to the heart. The great influence of sounds, for example, whether harsh or melodious, is too familiar to need more than mention; so, too, of sights fascinating or appalling. From the manner in which these influences come upon us, imperceptibly and intangibly, we are prone to look upon them as immaterial agencies, though, when rightly understood, they will probably be regarded in much the same light as any physical blow, or the im-

press of a liquid or gaseous substance. Nitrite of amyle is one of those substances which enable us to realize this connection between the really material and the seemingly immaterial influences which surround us; by refining experiment, so as to diffuse the vapor of nitrite of amyle through the air, there can readily be set in action an invisible and, as it would seem to the unlearned, an immaterial agency, though it acts all the while in accordance with known rules and in obedience to the human will. In a crowded theatre, for example, it would be as easy to make every person's heart quicken ten beats per minute, as it is for the engineer to quicken the action of a steam-engine by lifting the lever which controls the ingress of the steam.

EDUCATIONAL.

MANY of our readers made the personal acquaintance last summer of Rev. Dr. McCosh, the well-known theologian and metaphysician of Belfast, who travelled widely through this country, studying our institutions, looking into our modes of life, and becoming familiar with the influences which are at work in moulding American society. Since his return home he has made a speech at Bath, in which he clearly and forcibly sums up his observations. His trip extended as far as St. Louis and St. Paul in the West, and to Richmond in the South, and he visited almost all the cities and important educational towns of the North and East. Everywhere he made acquaintances among the best people—statesmen, scholars, and theologians uniting to welcome him. Those who met him were impressed with his calm and earnest desire to arrive at a true understanding of our affairs, at his significant enquiries and shrewd observations, and they cannot fail to be interested in the photograph he gives us of our country as he saw it. Our extract must refer chiefly to education. In reply to the question which he says people in England are constantly asking, "Are the United States *settling down?*" he pithily remarks, "Let me tell you that the people of that country have no intention of 'settling down' in the sense in which those who have put the question use the phrase. They are a living and a moving people, and they advance like the currents of the sea by wave upon wave. An age ago we in this country gave twenty millions of our money to set the slaves free in our colonies, and we let things 'settle down.' We looked no more into them, and the past year we have been amazed to find that while we slept the embers which we had left burst into a conflagration. The Americans may learn a lesson from what befell us in Jamaica. They have given more than we have for the same cause; they have given not only hundreds of millions of treasure, but the blood of their best sons. And now as an imperative duty they must see that this is not all spent in vain. God forbid that there should be more blood spilt; but they cannot shrink from securing that these colored people whom they have emancipated be educated and trained to industry."

As to the capacity of the blacks, he says, "In memory, in music, in quickness of apprehension and readiness at catching your meaning, in learning the elements of instruction, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic, . . . they can match us [whites]."
He rightly appreciates the importance of encouraging schools throughout the South.

Dr. McCosh speaks pleasantly of our public schools and colleges at the North. He regards them as the basis of our national stability, points out the connection between such institutions and national vigor, as evinced of late both in Prussia and the United States, and indicates the lesson to Englishmen "who have not yet amidst the contests of classes and sects been able to establish a thoroughly good national system of education." "The older colleges in the East," he says, "are quite equal to our own, except indeed that they have not yet such large rewards for higher scholarship, and that their hard-working professors are disgracefully underpaid."

—The famous School of Mines, or Bergakademie, at Freiberg in the mining district of Saxony, reached its hundredth birthday a short time ago, and in honor of the "jubilæum" appointed for July 30, 1866, a beautifully printed volume has appeared, containing, in addition to several scientific essays, much information of a curious and valuable character in respect to the history of the establishment. This school is one of the most successful of the kind in the world, unless indeed we should say that it holds the very first rank. In the mid-

dle of the last century the name of the great mineralogist and geologist Werner gave renown to its instructions, and since then a host of eminent men have been enrolled among its leaders and scholars. The number of pupils has not been large at any one time, the highest number received in a single year being 75 in 1858; but they have come from widely distant places and are now widely scattered among the mining districts of the globe. The whole number of pupils is 2,465, of whom 2,333 were Europeans and 132 from other continents; 2,007 were Germans and 458 were not Germans; 1,225 were Saxons and 1,245 came from other countries—"Ausländer," as the phrase is. In looking over this volume we have been surprised to find the names of twenty-three young men *aus Nord Amerika*, besides a few from South America, enrolled as scholars during the last year alone. This shows how great the demand is in this country for educated miners, and should encourage all who are interested in the establishment of mining schools at home to persevere in their undertaking. It requires a great deal of money to maintain such an institution as it should be maintained, and the country may wait some years before it has a rival to the academy at Freiberg; but the recent appointment of mining professors at Cambridge and New Haven and in Columbia College at New York, and the organization of courses of instruction in mining, engineering, metallurgy, and practical geology and mineralogy, are signs of the good time coming. We move so quickly when we begin that it may not be so very long before we are able to train our own miners even better than they can be trained abroad. A liberal man interested in the development of the mineral resources of the country would do a service to the world by providing the necessary pecuniary means for making some of the existing schools as good as that at Freiberg.

—The annual reports required by Congress from scientific institutions established or assisted by the national grant of public lands are beginning to appear. Two of these documents have recently come to us from Connecticut and Rhode Island. The report from Connecticut is signed by the governor and other State visitors, and embodies a historical sketch of the rise of the Sheffield Scientific School, with a statement of its present organization under the provisions of the local and national enactments. It also gives a view of one year's instruction under the new arrangements. The Rhode Island pamphlet includes the first, second, and third annual reports of the corporation of Brown University to the governor of the State respecting the national trust.

The earliest of these simply narrates a disagreement between the college authorities and the General Land Office, by which there was a delay in the location of the Rhode Island grant. The third report announces that arrangements have been made to receive before the last of August, 1870, fifty thousand dollars for the purposes of the foundation. No progress is reported respecting the organization of the school. We observe that the authorities of Brown University refer to this grant as for "an agricultural college." We have repeatedly called attention to the fact that this title is wrong, because the act of Congress does not contemplate a purely "agricultural college" but a scientific college or school, in which shall be taught those branches of science "which pertain to agriculture and the mechanic arts, not excluding other literary and classical studies." This distinction is of great importance to the country, and we are surprised that it is so commonly overlooked.

FICTION FOR THE CHILDREN.*

If children were sectaries, we should say that "Fannie and Robbie" is a work for Episcopalian children. Fannie, who is rich, makes the acquaintance of Robbie, who is poor and a cripple, and says to him thoughtfully, "I wonder if you would be my Lent?" He, requesting an explanation, is told that Lent is a fast, "and it means that we must keep fast—I mean close and tight—every wish that we have to do wrong till they are all overcome and cured." Starting from this point, we are taken through Easter, Whitsun-

tide, the Trinity season, Advent, and Christmas to Epiphany, and the duty is inculcated of faithfully observing the various fasts and feasts. Written, very likely, with the best intentions, the book is only not to be called worthless because it may in some cases do some good, and in more will probably do harm. It is always stupid; and if this seems to any one a hard saying, let the too gentle reader know that the author makes Private John Clinch, an American young man, use such language as this when a companion is brought into camp wounded: "John started from his recumbent posture 'O Frank!' he exclaimed, catching a glimpse of that face, 'My noble boy; my generous friend—dead, dead—and for me!' he sobbed in agony, 'for me!' Would that I were lying as insensible as thou art—cold, cold in death,' cried he, frantically kissing the drooping eyelids." The book throughout is equally unnatural, and to boys big enough to know the meaning of such words as "recumbent" and "hemorrhage" will seem ridiculous enough or, worse for the boys, seem fine. And the author's good children, like many of their predecessors, will, no doubt, do something to disgust certain of her youthful children with goodness, and make certain others conceited or hypocritical.

Of "Frank Stirling's Choice" something similar might with some truth be said. As in the other book, the young people good from the beginning are Episcopalians, and make not unfrequent references to their baptism or their confirmation, and those who become good before the end of the volume do likewise, and, we are bound to say, are hardly recognizable as boys and girls in any part of the course. It is right to make one exception. In Nantette, Miss Bulfinch has created what seems to us a personage very true to nature and very agreeable, and, as we suppose, would succeed extremely well in writing a small book for girls, with girls as characters. But her boys are girls in boys' clothes, or rather the female Sunday-school teacher's ideals in boys' clothes. Any one who knows will assure Miss Bulfinch that boys like Frank Stirling are impossible; and if she fancies such an one is known to her, the boys of his acquaintance will be able to open her eyes to his true character. But though it is to be feared that the youths she is trying to benefit will detect the humbug in the book, it is true, on the other hand, that they will find a good deal to like.

"Ned Grant's Quest" is a more ambitious performance than the two works above mentioned, and is written in a dreadfully high key. Tennyson's "Sir Galahad" is the hero's inspiration, and furnishes many of the mottoes at the heads of chapters. Ned himself, far more insufferable than young Clinch or Stirling, has no mother and no sisters or brothers. His father, who certainly secures the warmest sympathy of the reader, flies from home, and, leaving the boy to his own devices, becomes anything but a moral character. Ned steals a loaf to feed a starving sister, and would have been taken to jail but that Dr. Bentley, a rector, the Hon. Francis Clarke and Kitty Clarke interpose to save the young hero, and, his sister dying, he is adopted by the clergyman and begins at once a course of singularly obtrusive and hortatory moral excellence. His "quest," appropriately announced, is to seek out and save his own lawful father, who dies shortly after the boy has run him down, and leaves the boy free to return to Connecticut, taking a reformed gambler with him, to marry Miss Kitty, no longer lame, and to become a curate. We warn fathers of families against admitting a work of this kind, which saps the foundations of domestic authority, into their houses. A son wise in this wise would make anything but a glad father. This is how he talks when he is fifteen years old, or thereabout, his auditor being a boy of like age, and Kitty being the subject of conversation:

"But as to the lameness, O, Frank! that little helpless foot seems almost the most beautiful and sacred thing in the world to me."

"Look here! Ned, said Frank;"—and no wonder.

Of course there is a vain, worldly woman who disbelieves in the goodness of Ned, and of course she is put to confusion. Ned finds no difficulty in proving that when he, according to her account, was handing up tobacco to a jail prisoner, he really was passing up to the grated window some wild roses which might remind the convict of his innocent boyhood. And this is the state of abjectness to which he reduces his gloomy father, whom he had requested to attend church, and who, having passed an unlucky night at cards, peremptorily declines, and after service repentantly apologizes: "Shake hands, Ned," said Mr. Grant, holding out his hand, with a winning smile; "I was cross to you this morning; I always am a brute when these moods are on me; but you must try to forgive me," etc.

"The Kettle Club," by Cousin Virginia, is for smaller children than the probable readers of any of the books before mentioned, and is far pleasanter reading for people of any size. It consists, in great part, of what purport to be fairy tales, but the unsuspecting youth who reads it will find soon that he is absorbing interesting information about tigers, the Hoonuman monkey, parrots, woodpeckers, the *maia squinado*, soldier-crabs, and other denizens of

* "Fannie and Robbie." Anne G. Hale. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 128.
"Frank Stirling's Choice." Maria H. Bulfinch. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 194.

194. "Ned Grant's Quest. M. L. B." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 195.

"The Kettle Club. Cousin Virginia." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Pp. 159.

"The Fonthill Recreations. M. G. Sleeper." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 2 vols. Pp. 278, 278.

206. "Stories of Many Lands. Grace Greenwood." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp.

206. "Miss Mattie." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 106.

earth and ocean; and there is some very tolerable nonsense mingled with it all.

Useful information, attractively presented, relating to the Mediterranean Islands, their customs, manners, and history, with agreeable and merry stories interspersed, may be found in Mr. Sleeper's two volumes of "Fonthill Recreations," and almost any boy or girl between the ages of twelve and fifteen doubtless may be made quite happy by being put into possession of the little box containing them.

Grace Greenwood's "Stories of Many Lands" is composed of prose and verse, the former mostly good; the latter, consisting of rhymed charades and rebuses, hardly to be called so, being a little beside the purpose of the book. It is not necessary to say that Mrs. Lippincott knows how to please children; except Mrs. Stowe, we have, perhaps, no writer better qualified for that task. Mrs. Stowe, however, would have probably shown better judgment than to have let her children talk like this, which reminds one of the impious children, old in other things but very babes, generally, in righteousness, who may be found in the editor's drawer of one of the magazines, and which indeed will remind most people of genuine children of their own acquaintance, who should not, however, be allowed to talk so in the hearing of other children:

"Yes," said the little boy, and then asked, "Did God make her, Harry?"

"Why, yes, he made what there is of her, and then, I suppose, he concluded it wasn't worth while to go on with her."

But the spice of irreverence in this other story hardly spoils it. It is of a Scottish laddie, four years old, whose mother's pony having died had left the household in grief:

"Ah, Jamie," said Effie, "dinna ye wish the Lord was here now? Ye ken mither told us how he cured sick folk, and how he made a man alive again that had been dead four days. He could make our Rab alive wi' a touch o' his finger, gin he would try, Jamie."

The thought of Lord Dundale came instantly into Jamie's small brain, and he went to waylay that nobleman.

"Stop, stop, my lord! our Rab is dead. Ye maun mak' him alive again."

The earl in bewilderment refuses. "But Jamie stood his ground, answering, 'My mither says ye once made a big man alive after he had been dead four days; Rab's only a sma' pony, an' he's dead but a wee bit while, so it's na' a hard job for ye. Dinna say ye will na do it."

French, Swiss, Italian, English, and Irish children are introduced as well as Scotch, and there are some pleasant stories of American children, "My Pet from the Clouds" being perhaps best. Kindliness and good luck abound, and, coming from a Philadelphia woman, of course the book has plenty of patriotism.

Another book that we can highly praise is a republication, by E. P. Dutton & Co., of a story by an English writer. "Miss Mattie" is a little girl who comes home from India to go to school and is shipwrecked by the way. She makes great friends with the sailors, more especially with Bill Marlin, who tells the story, and Old Chips, the carpenter. There is a good deal of incident; the child is really a child; the sailors, the timid women, the choleric old East India general, the fine fellow of a captain, are well depicted and well contrasted each with the other, and there is a straightforward honesty and simplicity as well as a true religious tone which makes the book really excellent. Any small man or woman who, after reading it, would not be better, or would not try to be better—for the spirit may be willing, the flesh, tender as well as tough, may be weak—ought hardly to be taught to read at all—or made to learn twice over.

The illustrations in Grace Greenwood's book are tolerable, those in the "Fonthill Recreations" may be said to help the text, but those in the others are sad specimens.

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

MASTER WALTER DE COURCY is a supposed London merchant of the fifteenth century who comes into possession of a Venetian glass mirror, a won-

* "The Magic Mirror, a Round of Tales for Young and Old." By William Gilbert. With eighty-four illustrations by W. S. Gilbert. London and New York: Strahan. 1866.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll." With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. New York: Appletons. 1866.

"Flower-de-Luce. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." With illustrations. Small 4to, pp. 72.

"Maud Muller. By John G. Whittier." With illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. 4to, pp. 12.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell." With illustrations by S. Etinge, Jr. Small 4to, pp. 29.

"Evangeline. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Small 4to, pp. 157.

The above published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1867.

"Little Lays for Little Folk. Selected by John G. Watts." Illustrated. Pp. 115. Routledge.

"Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. By Douglas Jerrold." Illustrated by Chas. Keene. New York: Appletons. 1866.

derful thing in those days. This especial one is more wonderful still for a strange inscription upon it which no one can read, and it ultimately proves to be a marvel of hidden virtues. Every one who looks into it and forms a wish, has that wish fulfilled. But, as they do not know the power of the mirror, so they wish only by accident, and, therefore, naturally not with the forethought of the wearers of German wishing cloaks and caps. There are very ingeniously imagined and comical results that come of these hap-hazard wishes. The merchant's own wish "that his brain were made of glass as clear as that," though inspired by the evident analogy between the reflection of objects in a tangible and in a mental mirror, is far-fetched, and its consequences are only the natural ones, and are not very interesting. The story of Giles, the swineherd, follows, and is very good. That ill-conditioned servitor gets a chance peep at the mirror, and is rallied by the young woman who shows it to him about fairies; whereupon he wishes that they'd do his work for him and get him plenty to eat—"that's all he wants of them." He finds a fairy establishment in his hut and shed—a *ménage* of elegance and efficiency, an accomplished major-domo, butler, and house-keeper of the most skilful kind; footmen, cooks, and housemaids in plenty, and a corps of goblins of all-work. All the details are as cleverly managed as in the "Rape of the Lock," and vastly better than in the "Culprit Fay." And when the overfed animal wants a change, or wishes to disregard his bargain, he finds a blockading squadron of bears, who induce him to stay in doors. A young apprentice gets a whiskered face and a nobleman's dress, and, of course, goes wrong. The merchant's god-daughter has her wish "that Fido could talk" fulfilled, to her fright and subsequent annoyance. But the fun of the book is in the gratified desire of the worthless sacristan of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, that he might be tempted like St. Anthony. He leads a life varied with imps, and enlivened by the constant company of an irrepressible pig, until his bewitchment suddenly ends, as each adventure does, with no immediate explanation of the cause. There are eight of these gratified wishes, and all abruptly come to an end, leaving only their personal results behind them. And we find that these terminations were caused by the breaking of the mirror. So that each tale of "The Round" is connected with all the others, and the whole is quite a good child's novel, with moral enough for any story out of a Sunday-school library. Indeed, its teachings are excellent and well put, while not too positively insisted upon.

The illustrations are small and scattered all through the text; like those of a wonderfully clever book of a few years ago, which set a fashion and became the first of a class, "La Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe." They are expressive and spirited enough, and show considerable power of fun; the principal imp of the sacristan's companions is of a most fascinating and triumphant ugliness, and the sacristan himself is a capital exaggeration of caricature. Some of the pictures are rather like the work of an amateur; and those which are not comic are not very interesting. It is a very nicely made book, printed and bound in London.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a last year's London book, imported by the Messrs. Appleton, and invested with their title-page. This, also, is very neatly and well printed and bound. The story is exactly such an one as a smart story-teller reels off to children, their questions suggesting new adventures, and the tale running on with no reason for stopping in one place rather than in another, except weariness or "other engagements." But, off-hand as it is, it is wonderfully clever, and quite bristles with points and runs over with fun. The whole thing is a dream, as it finally turns out, and just the effect of a dream is given to it by the sudden and amusingly absurd changes, and the unastonished calmness with which Alice regards them all. Thus the baby she holds turns into a pig in her arms; Alice feels relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood, and says to herself, "If it had grown up it would have been a dreadfully ugly child, but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." The Cheshire cat, who always wears a grin, as in duty bound to fulfil the proverb, annoys Alice, who remonstrates: "I wish you would n't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy." "All right," said the cat, and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin. All sorts of real and unreal creatures pass through her experience, and are unreasonable and rude, and wholly nonsensical. And nothing can be more like a fanciful child's dream than the croquet ground, where the balls were rolled-up hedgehogs, the mallets flamingoes, and both sorts of creatures manage to give considerable trouble by acting up to their natural gifts at the wrong times. Alice's particular flamingo twists up its long neck when she tries to make a stroke, "and looks in her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help laughing;" which is continually the case with the reader of this most amusing of little books. Even the jokes help it, strange to say. We have had occasion to complain of Tom Hood's forced puns in "Fairy

Realm" and "Jingles and Jokes," because not only poor and flat in themselves, but wholly unintelligible, or, at least, unattractive, to children. But this author can make puns that children laugh at and heartily enjoy. "The schoolmaster was an old turtle," says the Mock-Turtle to Alice; "we called him Tortoise." "Why did you call him Tortoise, if he was n't one?" Alice asked. "We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock-Turtle, angrily; "really, you are very dull." "What are shoes made of under the sea?" "Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied, rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that." There are not a great many of these jokes, but what there are, are provocative of laughter—a good thing in jokes.

There is considerable merit in the delineation of character in these fanciful *dramatis persona*. The melancholy Mock-Turtle and the nervous and ill-bred Gryphon toward the end are not better than the White Rabbit and the Dodo at the beginning. If the author does not write novels he ought to do so, for, besides the merits of which we have already spoken, he is quite a master of dialogue; and that is to have one of the rarest of the minor gifts. Thus, when Alice is in the White Rabbit's house, and his servants are trying to get down the chimney to get at her, she hears their confused talk outside:

"Where's the other ladder? Why, I had n't to bring but one; Bill's got the other. Bill, fetch it here, lad! Here, put 'em up at this corner. No, tie 'em together first; they don't reach half high enough yet. Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular. Here, Bill, catch hold of this rope. Will the roof bear? Mind that loose slate—oh, it's coming down! Heads below! (A loud crash.) Now, who did that? It was Bill, I fancy. Who's to go down the chimney?"

And so on. Some of the creatures are amusingly vulgar, and their talk has always a character suitable to the utterers.

The parodies of popular songs are excellent, parodies introduced by requests to Alice from the Caterpillar, the Gryphon, and the others to repeat poetry. Nearly all children have had their Saturdays made miserable by such stuff as

"You are old, Father William, Theophilus cried,
The few hairs that are left you are grey;
You are still, Father William, a cheerful old man—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

And those who know it cannot but enjoy seeing it suffer punishment in the way it has to in Mr. Carroll's hands.

This is one of the best children's books we ever met with—a delightful addition to a delightful branch of literature. The illustrations also are excellent, for Mr. Tenniel always excels in such things. His pictures of the animated cards, and his portraits of the Mock-Turtle, the Hatter, the Duchess, and the Cheshire Cat are all immensely funny. The drawings are full of spirit and expression, and very elegant in design.

The other four books named are of that series, so to speak, of illustrated poems which the Boston publishers of poetry are engaged in making up. The attempt to produce carefully made illustrated books, wholly of American manufacture, from the authorship of the poems and the designs for the wood-ents to the binding, would be entirely praiseworthy but for the wholly unnecessary faults and shortcomings which make them so unsatisfactory. Of these four books there is not one that might not have easily been made a great deal better.

Of the four—though all are excellently well printed by the famous University press—"Flower-de-Luce" is the pleasantest to read. Its pages are really beautiful. The poems are spread over just as much space as they can best fill, without any of the affectations of paper like Bristol-board, printing on one side only, or unreasonable margins. There are none of the too-luxuriant typographical head and tail flourishes, representing unknown flowers in impossible and undesirable states of twist and contortion—the poems begin with a blank space above and end with a blank space below, and are better for it. It has, of course, been made up in too great haste, and in all the copies we have looked at the prints have printed off their shadowy silhouettes on the opposite pages of text. Except for this, this book would be altogether delightful, when bound in morocco or calf—without the pictures. It would be very necessary to eliminate these. In fact, if only there were time enough to get a few copies bound to order before Christmas there are some ladies who would be surprised at receiving "illustrated" gift books without the illustrations. The only one of the five pictures which is not wholly a disfigurement is the frontispiece, the "Flower-de-Luce," by Mr. H. Fenn. The cut accompanying that thoughtful and delightful poem, "Palingenesis," is as poor and as false in drawing of rock, sky, and water as the sentiment is inappropriate. The picture accompanying "Kambalu" has a little more significance, but is not at all noticeable for merit of any kind. "Killed at the Ford" is not so good a picture as Mr. Waud used to send home from the war, but is very badly engraved, and

may have been better than it seems to have been. The picture of Giotto's Tower is a caricature. Except in the case of Mr. Waud's design, the engravings were, perhaps, as good as the drawings permitted, and, of course, are well printed. But, out of the combined labors of designer and draughtsman, engraver and printer, nothing has come but confusion and failure. It is really too bad, for the book is very enjoyable, not for "Palingenesis" only, but because of the touching lament for Hawthorne, the pleasant little *jeu-d'esprit*, "Noël," and the five noble sonnets "On Translating the Divina Commedia."

The "Maud Muller," as an illustrated book, is by far the best of the four, and is perhaps the best illustrated gift book yet produced in America. There is certainly no American artist who has shown himself so good an illustrator of books as Mr. Hennessy. The picture illustrating the line

"And many children played round her door"

is the best, and is excellent in feeling; almost worthy to be called a work of imagination—missing that, indeed, only because it is not felt through and through, nor completely worked out in character and incident. In execution it is deficient—and it is strange that the painter should have been willing to leave the stones so very like pieces of tin—but only deficient, except in the impossible smallness of the barefooted children's feet. All the illustrations are interesting, though most of them are marred by quite unnecessary coarseness or awkwardness, some of them offensively so, as in the dreadful one on the fifth page,

"Maud Muller looked and sighed, 'Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!'"

and as in that on the eleventh page, where some evil spirit has interfered and "spoiled the lot." It is noticeable how well drawn is the often recurring horse. In regard to the wood engraving, the three or four cut by Mr. Marsh seem to us the best, although one of the worst spoiled of all, that on page eleven, is ascribed to him. From these few too-slighted drawings no sufficient idea can be had of the strength of either engraver, but Mr. Marsh's work seems to be done in the most direct and effective way. We have seen better work than any of these, however, with Mr. Marsh's name upon it.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" is not so beautiful inside as "Flower-de-Luce"; the text is more crowded, the head-pieces to the parts are extraordinarily ungraceful and bad in design, and there is no gain evident in printing upon one side only of the leaf. In one respect this book is to be praised. A title page vignette has driven away that ugly shield with the T. and F. monogram with which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields generally disfigure their title-pages, which belittles even the beautiful "large-paper" copies of the collected works of Longfellow. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is not one of the best of our great poet's works, but it is worthy of better treatment at the hands of the illustrator than it has received. There is no reason why such designs should have been made; the world was as rich without them.

The "Evangeline" is like the "Flower-de-Luce" in appearance, but more simple, though not free, as that is, from gimmelock "ornaments." Of Mr. Darley's designs there is little that needs to be said. Mr. Darley long ago did all that he has ever done, and has repeated himself very disagreeably ever since. These drawings are not better than the average standard of his slighter work.

"Little Lays for Little Folk" is a collection of perhaps thirty short poems; it is not a very admirable collection, but has naturally included some good poems, as Wordsworth's "Kitten and Falling Leaves" and "Lucy Gray," Mrs. Barbauld's "Mouse's Petition," and Monckton Milnes's "Good Night and Good Morning." Illustrations are sketched around almost every page, like borders. The figure pieces are by far the best. Some of the pictures of children by Mr. Barnes and Mr. Chas. Green are very interesting indeed. The decorative borders, made of grasses, vines, spikes of grain, etc., are not often good. The engraving of the pictures is generally better than in American works, though by no means equally good. The blocks seem to have been somewhat worn before this edition was made. It is, on the whole, a pretty book, with pictures that children can enjoy.

The Caudle Lectures are delivered to large audiences. The book is the most popular of Douglas Jerrold's clever books, and is sure of being practically immortal. This edition is in form a good-sized quarto of fair, square pages, neatly printed, and enclosed in a cloth cover bearing an ingenious emblematic design. The book is very nearly spoiled, for us, by the forlorn green tinge of the paper on which it is printed. But, indeed, there is no tint yet given to paper for books, except by mellowing time—which is as good as none. Paper must begin white, and certainly ought not to have in its whiteness any suspicion of any color but buff or cream color—vellum color, that is.

Charles Keene is one of two or three artists now alive who know how to draw for the wood-engraver. The English school of book-illustrators by

wood-cuts is very faulty in its constant attempts to give the effects of engraving on metal. But Mr. Keene, with Cruikshank and Leech, and, generally, H. K. Browne, are too wise to fall into that error.

In the book before us most of the little pictures are very sketchy, but the more elaborate as well as the slighter are simply and directly drawn. Mr. Keene uses "cross-hatching" only where he must, for the darkest shadows; generally he spares his engravers unnecessary trouble, and gives them simple work to do. His drawing is masterly, therefore. It has much improved since the time when *Once a Week* began, and Charles Reade's story, "The Good Fight," and afterward George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," were illustrated by Keene. The pictures before us are full of spirit and character, and the book, in its way, is quite a good one, text, illustration, and cover going together very well to make it up. The Messrs. Appleton have done well to import large editions both of this and of the excellent "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

ROBERT SOUTH.*

It were honor enough, even for so self-asserting a spirit as this great preacher's, to find himself leading the van of an enterprise for republishing a library of fifty or sixty octavos of standard divinity as the surest way of giving it a popular introduction to the public. This is only the endorsement of the verdict of two centuries to the unrivalled abilities, in certain directions, of Dr. South as a sermonist. Beginning life in the days of Cromwell, he flourished through the reigns of the second Charles and James, outliving Queen Anne by two years. This was a stormy period of British history, and Souta was one of the stormiest leaders of the times. Converted from what may have been only the boyish fancy of an admirer of the Protector Oliver, he became an ardent partisan of the Restoration—the very bulldog of the civil and ecclesiastical establishment, forming at least one exception to the adage, that a barking dog never bites. He did both with a witness. The master of powers of sarcasm and invective seldom equalled, he levelled them at the heads of the Puritans with a thorough *abandon*, which makes it utterly impossible for a sensible reader to be angry with him. You find yourself involuntarily looking out for something a little keener yet—in the very "Lay on, Macduff!" excitement and enjoyment of the fray, no matter if some of the blows hit your own head with a stunning thwack. He was not a pulpit buffoon, but a genuine wit; coarse sometimes, it may be, but trenchant, putting, as some one says, his whole arm into every sabre-stroke, satisfied with nothing but cleaving his antagonist from crown to chin. And, in truth, there was not a little provocative of the spleen of such a man in the accidental extravagances of some forms of dissent from the prevailing worship. It would be asking too much, it may be, of a court preacher in those days to look beyond the "accidentals" to the substantial merits of a movement so vital and self-vindicating as that which he sought to extinguish with a deluge of ridicule. If writers nowadays attempt the same thing, they owe it to both sides of the question to put a fair amount of strength as well as smartness into their satire.

South stands at the head of pulpit satirists. This, more than any other quality of his mind, has given him his notoriety and his continued power in theological literature. He was as caustic as Swift, with far more oratorical force, and altogether a much better and sweeter-tempered man. But his satirical talent is not all his claim to remembrance. He was an earnest, downright dealer with the vices of the age wherever he found them. Though a full believer in the divine right to reign of even Charles II., he did not shun to denounce the corruption of the court, and to arraign in withering rebuke the scandals which made the upper classes of society so foul that even to read Samuel Pepys' expurgated "Diary" leaves bad taste in your mouth. It is odd to be told that the Buckinghams and Arlingtons of that day would flock to the bold preacher's chapel to have their sated, jaded spirits roused into some sort of stimulation by the lashings of his indignation. Even the king and his concubines were willing to be pilloried, once in a while, for the chance of hearing a diatribe against "such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell," or a hard hit at the sectaries who thought that men should "be able to make a pulpit before they preached in it." There was a good deal of the Puritan, after all, in this robust, straightforward man, much as he made war upon them. He made war on everything which he thought deserved it, and in a sufficiently open way. He was ambitious of power, yet sturdily refused, time and again, even to extreme old age, to be elevated to a bishopric; satisfied, it may be, as many others have been, with the consciousness and evidence of being one of the bishops whom the Lord makes.

South's sermons are not a body of divinity, in the technical sense; but are an application of Christian truth to the affairs of men, as he apprehended its various bearings. Even their political and polemical features have an historical value; and, beyond these, their general merits make them an excellent study for the preacher and any intelligent reader. His treatment of a topic is copious yet compact, showing a keen, analytical handling of it, spreading with much ramification, but hanging rich fruit on all these branches; always impressing you with his sincerity, but never discovering much glow of feeling—an intellect, rather than a heart, surging along like an ocean steamer. His style is massive, rhythmic, balanced, rich in logic and rhetoric, yet simple and natural—the noble and worthy dress of masculine thought.

We must say a word of the undertaking which this republication heralds. It proposes to give us the unmutilated works of the standard British divines, episcopal and non-episcopal, previous to the middle of the eighteenth century. Many of these, like South, have disappeared from the market, or can only be had in very undesirable editions. This new library will furnish them in neat octavos of manageable size, in round, clear type, on thick, soft-hued paper, at a price below the present average of similar books. The present forerunner of the series is in the best style of the Riverside press. The editorial management of this great project, including brief biographies and critical estimates, is in the hands of Professor Shedd, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will be well executed. The several parts will be so title-paged and lettered that purchasers can take only such as they choose to select. A plan so worthy of success as this must not be allowed to fail through want of patronage.

STORY OF A STOMACH.*

It has been commonly believed of the people born and bred in America that most of them attained a premature old age without having ever, in the whole of their brief span, seen a home-made loaf of bread; that their children, asking for bread, received a roll of pearl-ashes mixed with flour, half-baked and horribly hot; that even babes in arms, to wash down these rolls, had coffee of great strength allowed them; that the tenderness of youth was not a protection against hot pie in the morning and cold pie at night; that the Washington pie was so called by way of paying the highest possible honor to the Father of his Country; that many people lived and died in the opinion that pork-fat was the juice of beef; that, in short, to be an American citizen was to be sallow and emaciated, and to have all one's teeth filled, to have offspring few and puny with large foreheads and thin legs, and to be destined to an early grave. Most intelligent Englishmen may be supposed to have about this notion of the American man physically considered, and all the abuse which the Frenchmen have lavished upon the English *cuisine* our cousins have boldly put off on us again, and over-crowed us as they were over-crowded.

To tell the truth, there was some ground for it, though matters were never so bad as many would have had us believe. But Mr. Jefferson Brick himself would hardly pretend that we ever fed ourselves so well as the British, and in some parts of the country to-day the mode of living, so far as concerns the table, is dreadful, and the wayfaring man, even though a British tourist, may read the fact as he runs. What causes the inferiority in point of "personal attractions" of the Southern women to their Northern sisters if not their diet of pork and corn-bread and "light bread of English flour"? He who drinks beer thinks beer, and she who habitually eats pork and solid biscuit comes to have a complexion "fraught with unpleasant suggestion," as Mr. Phillips says of Mr. Johnson's inauguration speech, and cannot well be handsome. And a more fragile type of ugliness used to be too common in New England, where every church congregation could show you many feeble poor creatures of women whose coffee and cold pie of the morning were followed by the tying of handkerchiefs round throbbing heads and the lying on lounges of the afternoon.

But, on the whole, we cannot be called a dyspeptic people; and the British tourist who should go among the Vermonters, or the men of New Hampshire or Kentucky or Iowa or Kansas, or, indeed, of any of our States of the North-west or West, would have to be a better-looking Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman than commonly comes over here if he did not meet in every thousand men very nearly a regiment of men fully as fine animals as himself, and not the worse for being a little less in weight of flesh. So much having been said in the interest of patriotism, we may, nevertheless, concede that to err is human, and that we all have stomachs. While these

* "Library of Old English Divines, under the editorial supervision of William G. T. Shedd, D.D. 'Sermons preached upon several occasions by Robert South, D.D.; in five volumes. Vol. I.' New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866."

* "The Story of a Stomach: An Egotism. By a Reformed Dyspeptic." Fowler & Wells, New York. 16mo. Pp. 60.

truths remain dyspepsia is always among the possibilities, and it may be well enough to read books like this which "a reformed dyspeptic" has written, and learn not only what things are to be done and what not done, but also see, if possible, how the stomach may be made a source of positive delight to its owner. In fact, the work, aside from other considerations, is worth purchasing, if it were only for this feat of pure imagination which it contains; the author feigns that once he found and lived in a Boarding-House of this description!

"Here the diet was nutritious and appetizing, without being gross. The food was well selected and well cooked. The meals were served with taste and embellished with a conversational charm."

And take this for a description of the landlady:

"She had always alternated the intellectual pleasures which she was well fitted to create and enjoy with a reckless appetite for high living!"

Our own reasonable theory would be, if this account of her dispositions is not fantastic figment, that she took up boarding-house keeping in order that she might mortify and conquer such lusts of the flesh; and, we may add, we fear she is now spiritually proud. But the author may as well go on and complete the account of this anomaly, who takes in boarders and indulges a reckless appetite for good living. It appears that the lovely monster gave herself up to the pleasures of the table till she undermined her physical constitution. But nature, "amorous of perfection," determined that the miracle should be continued, and caused that this failure in health should be not disastrous but, on the contrary, of advantage; it only

"Made compulsory a wholesome moderation in epicurean enjoyments. Her voluptuous nature had been so tempered by encroaching infirmities as to reduce her present practice to the golden mean essential to health. The breakfast-steak, tender, warm, and done to a turn, at once assumed an unwonted prominence in the operations of that meal; the delicious rolls and buckwheats unceremoniously displaced the coarse breads which I had before regarded as a necessity, and the real coffee completely supplanted my usual aqueous draught. . . . This breakfast was not only eaten; it was enjoyed. Under the admirable influences which it exercised, even Cornaro-stern ascetic as he was—must have proved infidel to the faith on which rested the last two-thirds of his mortal century."

His grand lesson in dietary science, which was taught the author by this instructress, he thus formalizes: "An abundant, generous diet is the one best adapted to a feeble digestion."

A statement in which we should be happy to agree with him. Of pastry he got very little, we fancy, in this abode. He appears not to like it, though his abuse is not so sweeping as that of many writers on the subject.

"The pie-crust usually set before us at hotels is absolutely infamous. . . . And yet such are the apparent contradictions of nature that I have some times experienced unquestionable benefit from eating pie-crust. There are two species of pie-crust that are infinitely less objectionable than many other articles of common consumption which go unchallenged. Both of them are sweet and light; the one made very plainly, with few elements of mischief; the other rich, but delicate and puffy, so that it will afford no great resistance to the gastric juice."

A cheerful dining-room the author thinks a necessity. "The hours allotted to eating and drinking should be complete in all that promotes satisfaction." And again he says:

"It were a stupid error did I limit the period of dinner to the time spent in its consumption. On the contrary, I would so enlarge it as to embrace the interval of active digestion." And, to ensure health, "hours should be spent each day in literary or artistic studies or rambles in fields and woods; evenings devoted to social and affectional enjoyments, whole weeks in summer passed in recreative travel," etc.

This is the fault most of these writers fall into. Men in general, at least until they begin to be old and the mischief is all done, of course are apt to scoff at the notion of taking any special care of their health, and they laugh aloud and call a writer a fool who gets up a scheme of life to be spent in the interest of the stomach, or the bronchial tubes, or the chest, or any other one portion of the human frame. And, supposing such advice to be not ridiculous but worth following, the giver of it forgets that ninety-nine men in a hundred are too busy getting bread and salt to be able to pay attention to elaborate and expensive systems of rules of diet and exercise. Our author, however, will give any reader all in the way of precept that can be desired, from instruction touching the frame of mind in which one should begin eating down to remarks concerning the post-prandial kneading of the abdomen to induce more vigorous peristaltic action, and "relieve the cavity from the air liberated by partial fermentation," or to information about the use of peach-stone meats as a sure cure for dyspepsia. The writer's mind as well as body is perhaps a little touched by the malady of which he complains, and the contents of the book might have well been better digested; but the little treatise—fifty-odd pages is all any one will have to read—may very

likely be of much service to a good many persons, and, at any rate, we dare say it may stand to some persons in the place of Plantation Bitters, for which reason it may be commended.

The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism. By Ernest Naville. Translated from the French by Henry Downton, M.A. (Boston: William V. Spencer.) *The Materialism of the Present Day.* A Critique of Dr. Büchner's System. By Paul Janet. Translated from the French by Gustave Masson, B.A. (London: H. Baillière, 219 Regent Street. New York: Baillière Brothers, Broadway.)—The purpose in this case is to combat materialism. Both of the books are written by members of the French Institute—one of them by Ernest Naville, residing at Geneva; the other by Paul Janet, residing at Paris. The subjects of which they treat are of intense and almost startling interest. Both are well written; exceedingly vivacious in their style; Naville's a little saucier than befits the subject of which he treats, making us wonder why he feels no worse if there is so much danger as he thinks of God's expulsion from the world; Janet's full of earnestness and *verve*. Both writers are agreed that of late years materialism has been largely on the increase among philosophers and scientific men. As to how this tendency is to be met, the opinion of Naville, as indicated by his work, is not that of Janet. And, notwithstanding the partial resemblances in the origin and character of their works, the main thing to be noted is their difference of method; the thing to be decided by the critic comparing them is which of the two methods is the best.

Naville's volume is made up of seven lectures, delivered first at Geneva and afterward at Lausanne. The preface tells us that in both places they were listened to with intense interest. These lectures are translated from the French by Henry Downton, M.A., English chaplain at Geneva. They contain a great deal that is true, a great deal that is beautiful. They are very entertaining, but this is less a virtue than indicative of a fault. One reads them off as glibly as if they were the chapters of a hand-galloping novel by Braddon or Wood. They could hardly be read so easily if they were profound as they are brilliant, or profound as they should be if they were no less convincing than entertaining. But now and then the author makes us smile against his will; at him, not at his wit. Thus, for example, when he argues that the first belief of men was monotheistic, and that polytheism was a lapse therefrom, there is something positively ridiculous in the easy way in which he dances through the argument. To turn from these carelessly written pages to the pages in Ralph Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," where he explores so reverently this same engrossing theme, is like escaping from gay colored haze to bracing air and clear light.

M. Janet's volume is a reprint of two articles printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the months of August and December, 1863, but with considerable additions. If M. Naville's had been originally prepared for such a publication, it would no doubt have been less frivolous; in that case there would have been no sleepy audience to keep awake, and a great deal of smartness would have been spared. And yet we can but think that such continual resort to fun, instead of argument, proves that the speaker had some doubts in his own mind of the intrinsic interest of his theme. Not so Janet. He thinks nothing of his audience; everything of his subject. His little book grows steadily from the beginning to the end. His account of German philosophy since Hegel, his review of Büchner's system, of Darwin's theory, of spontaneous generation, are all able, careful, and very generous. This book we may say is, in a certain sense, representative of Paris, as Naville's of Geneva. Neither of them is strictly scientific in its form. Naville's method is a mixture of the philosophical and theologic, Janet's a mixture of the philosophical and scientific. But this difference in form is nothing to the difference in spirit. Janet is modest where Naville is bold, kind where he is cruel, generous where he is mean, careful where he is slipshod. Janet writes in a scientific *spirit*. Naville does not. The first endeavors to find out the meaning of his opponents, the second is less careful about that than about convicting them of absurdity.

If the materialism whose prevalence these gentlemen lament is to be successfully combated, we cannot for a moment doubt which of these two methods must be used. Though M. Naville's arguments were much stronger than they are, we cannot see how any generous man could read his book without an involuntary feeling of sympathy with those whom he attacks with so much of the *odium theologicum*. It would appear that with his thorough detestation of the doctrines of materialism, he would be pained at every new discovery of them; that instead of hastening to convict philosophy and science of this error, he would desire to prove that much of what appears materialism is mere inadvertence or incompleteness, or one-sided statement, as is no doubt the truth, and as Janet is very willing to allow. Conceding that God is both ideal and cause, he yet denounces every man who does not seem to find him as the cause, as if his heart was false to him as the ideal of beauty, truth, and good. But why he should do this he nowhere deigns to say. We do not anticipate that the world is going to lapse into the notion that "thought is a secretion of the brain," as said Cabanis, or is soon to be convinced that "the heavens do not declare the glory of God; they only declare the glory of Newton and Laplace." Philosophy has been a series of oscillations of the pendulum of thought between materialism on the one hand and idealism on the other, but each successive oscillation has registered some new discovery on the great dial-plate of truth. We have no fears but that the present controversy will redound to the advantage of a higher faith than that which we now hold; but it will not be because of laborers like Naville, although they write "The Heavenly Father" on their banners, but because of writers like Janet, who have his spirit working in their hearts.

Lessons in Elementary Chemistry. By Henry E. Roscoe. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.)—This little book is much more truly a text-book on chemistry than are most of the American manuals which purport to

treat of this science. Not more than one-tenth of the book is devoted to physics. In another important respect Prof. Roscoe's method is much wiser than the common; as a rule, he has evidently endeavored to state general principles in immediate connection with the special facts to which they relate, and has not expected the young student to understand the philosophy of the science before he has become acquainted with any of its facts. Elementary text-books too often reverse the scientific method and set forth in the introductory chapter the general inductions which would have better waited till the last. First the particular truth, then the general, is the order of the inductive philosophy—an order which is as precious in teaching as in investigation.

Prof. Roscoe has also been more successful than most compilers of text-books in proportioning the strength of the student's food to his capacity of digestion; he has tried to advance gradually from the easy to the difficult, and has not prescribed much solid food, or given his disciples many hard nuts to crack, before they have fairly cut their teeth. The manner in which the common manuals present the most abstruse and difficult parts of their subject first, before the student has learned the simplest facts and easiest methods of the science, can only be compared to the fatal kindness of the Sisters of Charity who stuffed the new-born foundling with wine and beef-juice. Prof. Roscoe's success in this respect, however, is not uniform; thus in the very first lesson he gives a two-page table containing the names of the sixty-four substances which he recognizes as elements, with their symbols and combining weights. If it be a useful exercise of the memory to learn a list of sixty-four barbarous names to which the student can attach no ideas whatever, the Latin or Greek grammar can surely furnish enough such discipline; as to the symbols, the student cannot have at this early stage any notion of their significance or use, and he is of course utterly ignorant what the mysteriously irregular numbers, called combining weights, may mean. Again, before our author has described a single one of the fifty substances which he designates as metals, he devotes several pages to the classification of these metals. Now we find this to be an inversion of the true order; the student can study the classification with intelligence only when he has himself observed, under guidance, the common properties on which rests the subdivision of the metals into natural groups. In advance of such observations, a classification can be nothing to the student but a list to be committed to memory.

There are some matters of detail which we could wish otherwise; thus, to give more than a page to a minute description of a chemical balance seems entirely disproportionate, and, indeed, wholly unprofitable. The student of this book is evidently not supposed to be experimenting himself, and there is perhaps no greater waste of time than that involved in studying minutely descriptions of instruments and tools which the student is never going to use. A whole lesson is devoted to spectrum analysis and what the author calls solar and stellar chemistry. Spectrum analysis hardly seems to us in place in a little manual which makes no mention of the other much more practical methods of chemical analysis; and it is not hard enough to squeeze all the chemistry of this planet into three hundred and sixty pages, three inches by four and a half, without lugging in the chemistry of the sun and stars? As Prof. Roscoe describes the metrical system of weights and measures, and says in the preface that this system is used throughout the work, it is a pity that inches, feet, and miles so often figure upon its pages.

It is, of course, impossible to condense a great subject like chemistry into so small a compass as that of this book without making a bald, tiresome compendium of names and facts, which resembles nothing so much as a universal history of the earth and man compressed into a similar bulk. Such squeezing necessarily expresses all the juice and flavor of any subject, and the condensed material is dry, hard, and indigestible. The wood-cuts in this manual are much fresher and better than those which usually grace text-books on science, and there is a very pretty frontispiece of colored spectra; the publisher, knowing how a bright-colored frontispiece helps off a child's story-book, undoubtedly thought that the experiment of adding a nice chromo-lithograph to a school-book was worth trying. The book is cheap in England at 3s. 6d., but decidedly dear here at \$2.25.

Peat and its Uses. By Samuel W. Johnson. (New York: Orange Judd & Co.)—The value of peat and swamp muck in agriculture has been recognized for many years in New England, where light, hungry soils abound. By its power of absorbing and retaining water and ammonia, by its effect in promoting the disintegration and solution of mineral ingredients, and by its favorable influence on the temperature of the soil, it improves the texture and physical character of the soil, and indirectly contributes to the nourishment of the crops. Peat is also a direct fertilizer. Professor Johnson found that the average amount of nitrogen in thirty specimens of peat and swamp muck of all grades of quality was one and a half per cent. of the air-dried substance; this is three times as much nitrogen as exists in ordinary stable manure. Moreover, peat gathers nitrogen from the air and conveys it in suitable form to the plant, and is, therefore, a very cheap substitute for such costly nitrogenous fertilizers as guano, and the various fish, flesh, and bone manures. Peat and swamp muck, when properly prepared, furnish carbonic acid in large quantities during their slow oxidation in the soil. This gas constitutes an important part of the food of plants; as it exhales from the soil it is taken up by the foliage of the plants, and beneath the surface it is, to some extent, absorbed by their roots. Peat also contains a large proportion of humus or vegetable mould, and though chemists are not yet agreed as to how humus helps to build up plants, they are all agreed that it is a very valuable ingredient of the soil.

Professor Johnson not only shows very fully what peat is, and what its value to the farmer is, but he also gives clear directions concerning the digging and weathering of peat intended for agricultural use, with good advice about the preparation of composts with peat, and a complete description of the modes of examining peat with reference to its agricultural value.

Farmers owe Professor Johnson many thanks for the plain, accurate, and thorough manner in which he has set forth the agricultural uses of a material which, in New England at least, is not far from any one's barn-yard.

The second part of the book interests quite other classes of the community, namely, manufacturers, metallurgists, and housekeepers; it relates to the uses of peat as fuel. The high prices of coal and wood have lately directed attention to the peat-beds which abound in the Northern and Middle States, and American inventors have been trying hard to find means to condense and dry the raw material. The best methods of working peat are German. Professor Johnson gives a complete account of the various machines and processes of European origin, and describes the modified copies of German machinery which have been patented in this country. If all the American inventors and speculators who are at this moment endeavoring to find some short and easy way of making their fortunes out of peat would read and inwardly digest Professor Johnson's excellent remarks on the artificial drying of peat, much time and many thousands of dollars would be saved to them or their dupes. Peat cannot be artificially dried with profit except by waste heat, or by heat obtained from fuel which would otherwise be wasted. Peat simply cut from the bog and air-dried is too friable and bulky for transportation; it can only be used by the farmer who owns the bog and cuts the peat himself. Even under such conditions the dried peat is worth much less, cord for cord, than hard wood. The condensation of peat is effected by cutting up and grinding the wet peat in such a manner as to destroy the elastic fibres it contains, remove the air enclosed in it, and reduce it to a uniform, tenacious paste, which, on drying, shrinks together to a coherent mass, tough enough to bear transportation, and dense enough to make the storage of large quantities of the fuel a thing not impossible. No mechanical pressure can be employed to advantage for this condensation, and the drying is done by the sun and wind alone. It should be mentioned that the two American peat mills at Lexington, Mass., mentioned by Professor Johnson, are experimental establishments, exhibited with a view to facilitate the sale of patented machinery, rather than real works for the profitable manufacture of peat fuel.

We hope the intrinsic excellence of this treatise on an important practical subject will not lead any one to copy the style in which it is printed. Between the paragraphs the printer has inserted an inordinate number of leads, so that nearly every page is broken up into four or five distinct blocks of type. The effect produced is very ugly and really injurious, for the reader gets an impression that the composition itself is disconnected and spasmodic in style.

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866.)—This volume is the third of a series of compilations. The publishers would do well for the public and, we trust, for themselves also, by adding to it several other masters of our English speech. The volumes preceding this were a selection from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne and a selection from the writings of Thomas Fuller, containing his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," and a great many good thoughts beside. The character of Milton's prose is not such that we have a right to expect anything like so happy a selection from his writings as from those of Browne and Fuller. Both of the last named wrote in a desultory and disjointed way. And Fuller, especially, abounded in aphorisms and anecdotes, so that the compiler's task was far from being burdensome. Milton's writings, on the contrary, although they abound in brilliant metaphors and apt and striking illustrations, are linked together in a chain of severe logic and brevity by no means characteristic of his wit. In view of this fact, and of the subjects which he handled—subjects which have long ceased, many of them, at least, to agitate human thought—we must confess our surprise and delight that a selection from his writings has been made so readable and so instructive as that contained in the volume now before us. No man ever lived more intensely in his own time than Milton lived in the most stirring period of English history. And this fact, which, at first sight, would seem to disqualify his thought for interesting us, turns out to be the source of his attraction. The Titanic forces of his period have left their impress on his every page. To read these pages is to ask repeatedly, "How must these words have sounded when they were first uttered?" For, at the distance of two centuries, it quickens one's pulse marvellously to read them over. One might read volumes of history and yet not penetrate so deeply into the spirit of the English reformation as this volume will at once admit him. And so, too, one might read the best life of Milton that has yet been written, and not get half the insight into his character that would come from reading these stout arguments and red-hot denunciations. But we shall be greatly mistaken if those who take time to examine carefully these samples of his thought do not feel strongly tempted to go into it much deeper, and for themselves to find out the strength and beauty there are in its sanctuary.

Cabinet Editions of British Poets, of Shakespeare, of Bunyan, and of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. (New York: American News Company, 15 vols.)—For thirty dollars any young man intending to form a library may possess himself of fifteen good-looking green and gold volumes, very fairly illustrated, and containing the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "The Holy War," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, Shakespeare's complete works, with a glossary, but not annotated, and the poetical works of Milton, Pope, Thomson, Beattie, Cowper, Burns, Goldsmith, Scott, Wordsworth, and Moore, and of Byron also, except that of his "Don Juan" only a portion is given. The paper is white, and not too thin, though the volumes contain some of them four hundred and fifty, most of them six hundred and odd, and some of them eight hundred and odd pages; the type is generally of a very good size, and as for outward appearance the books may be called handsomely and strongly bound. The time of the giving of presents is nigh, and on the shelves of the booksellers there can be almost no presents intrinsically better, and not many, we should hope, better suited to the tastes and needs of gift-givers and gift-getters than this set of books, or a part of it.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

HOW TO MAKE PRESIDENTS HARMLESS.

THE proposal to make the President ineligible for re-election has a good deal to recommend it, but the balance of argument is undoubtedly against it. In its favor there is the obvious consideration that it would prevent that incessant bidding for popularity, that persistent conversion of the administration into an electioneering machine, which has been the curse of our politics for nearly half a century. The President would cease to have a motive for deserting his party, or trying to patch up one of his own, or for shaping a "policy" to catch the popular eye, or for filling the public offices with his creatures, and, in fact, for meddling unnecessarily and injuriously in the work of legislation. But the arguments urged against it by Hamilton in the *Federalist* have lost little of their force. They are now nearly as cogent as they were eighty years ago. The chance of re-election is undoubtedly a stimulus to good behavior. The cases which tell against this argument, such as those of Tyler and Pierce and Buchanan, were undoubtedly due to an exceptional condition of our politics. There is not the smallest probability that such an abuse as slavery will ever again arise, or that so formidable a combination of interests, feelings, and prejudices can ever take place in support of any abuse as that by which slavery was bolstered up during the last thirty years. In other words, to legislate for the contingency of such temptations as those to which Pierce and Buchanan were exposed would be very like converting the nation into a camp in order to be prepared for war. Ordinarily a President would base his hopes of re-election upon his success in carrying out the popular wishes, and if these wishes did not, on the whole, run in the direction of good government, democratic government would be a failure. The only cases in which we need ever expect a President to run counter even in appearance to the popular will are those in which he has reason to believe that the popular judgment has not been fairly expressed, or has not had time to ripen. A good man will, in such case, act properly, a bad man improperly, no matter how we legislate. The President is pretty sure to strive to please the majority, and, unless our whole theory of government be erroneous, the majority, on the whole, in the long run, is pretty sure to be right. The danger of making him ineligible for re-election is that the opinion of the majority would then become of comparatively little consequence to him, and a bad man might use his office, during his whole term, for the sole purpose of enriching himself or aggrandizing his favorites. To be sure, a man base enough for this is not likely to reach so high a place; but it must not be forgotten that very bad men go into politics in our day, that some of them may reach the Presidency, and that we do not as yet know how a bad President would behave who knew he had no chance of re-election. Many people imagine that the worst ones must always have known that there was no hope for them, but this is a great mistake. There seems to be some peculiarity about this office which prevents all prominent politicians from ever giving up the hope of getting it, and, after they have got it, from giving up the hope of keeping it.

In the second place, it would be rather dangerous for the country to deprive itself of the power of using the experience of a man whom it has tried and found both skilful and faithful, and to bind itself to make a total change of administration, no matter what the nature of the crisis may be in which the term ends. We have just had in Mr. Lincoln's case a signal example of the mischief that may follow the removal of a President whom the country has thoroughly tried to make way at a time of great difficulty for an unknown and untried and inexperienced successor. No people ever made a greater display of wisdom than this people did in re-electing Lincoln, and we doubt if any incident in American history made so deep an impression on the mind of foreign observers. His death at the beginning of his second term

has been of some use in showing us the danger of "swapping horses when crossing the stream," to use his own illustration. It put at the helm of affairs a man of whom the country at large knew nothing; of whose real character and abilities even his own friends knew very little; who had none of the official experience or training which had made Lincoln almost twice as valuable a man in 1864 as he was in 1860; and who brought to the conduct of the Government at the most delicate crisis in our history an entirely new order of ideas and motives. We all know the result. It may be said, it is true, that Mr. Johnson would not have been chosen to succeed Mr. Lincoln by a regular popular election; perhaps not. But a man as incompetent and disappointing might have been. Most people thought in 1859 they could predict how William H. Seward would behave were he at the head of the Republic in such a crisis as that through which we are now passing; but they would have been mistaken. He would, if we may judge from the part he has played during the last year, have proved simply a more learned and more polished Andrew Johnson. As long as nominating conventions are what they are—as long, in short, as the task of choosing officials has to be delegated to professional politicians—the public can never tell who may turn up at the head of affairs. In nine cases out of ten it will be a man little known outside his own State, and he may be a Lincoln or he may not.

The true remedy for the evils with which Congress is now seeking to deal would seem to be not to make the President ineligible for re-election, and thus deprive him of the strongest motive for behaving well, and force the people to dispense with his services, it may be, at the very moment when his experience and character are most needed, but to reduce his patronage to a minimum. It is with his patronage that a bad President does all his mischief; without the unlimited power of appointment and dismissal his powers of mischief would be very small, his powers for good as large as ever. A reform which would compel candidates for office to submit to an examination, and which, while leaving the President his power of dismissal, would compel him to do what a decent regard for public opinion compels European monarchs to do—assign cause, either in incompetency or misconduct, for dismissing a man—would reduce the abuses of the present system to as low a point as human nature will permit. Leave the public service in its present condition, and make the President ineligible for re-election, and you simply make it tenfold more a hotbed of intrigue and insubordination and corruption than ever. The bill reported by Mr. Edmunds seems as near an approach to perfection, perhaps, as is either practicable or desirable. Patronage—the power of constantly, and with or without cause, making and filling vacancies in the civil service—is the curse of our politics. It debauches and demoralizes everybody, from the President down to the common councilman, and converts public life into a mere game for places. If it be possible to stop it at Washington, we shall not despair of witnessing its extinction in the several States. The creation of an official class which is involved in making tenure of office dependent on good behavior is, no doubt, an evil; but it is a small evil compared with the present system, and our society has grown too busy and complicated to make it possible to administer our affairs by any but trained functionaries whose bread depends on their good behavior, and on nothing else.

As a supplement to this reform there should be another, confining the Vice-President to the presidency of the Senate, and depriving him of the succession in case of the President's death. The plan of the Constitution has now been thrice tried, and has twice proved a total failure. The possibility of the Vice-President's succeeding to the Presidency ought to be borne in mind in nominating him, but it never is, and so remote is the contingency that it is not in human nature that it should be. No man should ever be allowed to fill the presidential office who has not been chosen for it directly. No man should get into it by an accident, without ever having submitted his qualifications for it to a popular vote. When the President dies a new election should take place—an inconvenience, no doubt, but not likely to prove a very great one, as we see. There have been only three vacancies made by death in the office in eighty years, and an additional election every twenty years would be a small price to pay for assurance against such accidents as Mr. Johnson.

MR. BRIGHT'S POSITION.

MANY of the English papers are trying to persuade the public that Mr. Bright has irretrievably damaged his cause by his scheme for the regeneration of Ireland, coupled with his more recent allusion to the possibility of hastening the triumph of the reform movement in England by a display of physical force on the part of the working classes. A portion of the press here is disposed to take the same view of the matter, and is lamenting over Mr. Bright's failure, and over the absurdity of his plan for settling the Irish land question. We doubt very much, however, whether all this mourning is not wasted, and whether ten years hence, if not sooner, the very wildest things Mr. Bright says at the present moment will not seem very tame statements of very well recognized truths. The formation of opinion is so quickened in our day by the impetus which the press and the telegraph have given to thought, that we often now witness in a single year revolutions in sentiment, and above all in political sentiment, which in the last century it would have taken twenty years to bring about. Nobody need have much hesitation in predicting that the resistance which is at present offered in England to the extension of the suffrage will seem as odd and unreasonable in the year 1880 as the resistance which was offered in 1847 to the repeal of the Corn-laws seems to-day; and the speeches in which Mr. Bright is advocating it will not seem one whit more dangerous or revolutionary than those in which the Emancipation act was advocated in 1829, or the Reform bill in 1832.

There is nothing either novel or absurd or dangerous in the threats of physical force in English agitation, and the talk that one hears of Mr. Bright's folly in mentioning it as a possible means of achieving success can hardly come from writers who have ever made themselves familiar with or have not forgotten the last forty years of English history. The Catholics agitated in vain for over a quarter of a century, until they became numerous enough and bold enough to back their prayers for relief by those very threats of physical force which Mr. Bright is considered so unwise for mentioning. Those threats, too, were by no means idle. It is true nobody supposed that a Catholic rising could have overturned or dismembered the empire or revolutionized the government. But a rising for an object which was just and reasonable and practicable, and which involved no radical change in the constitution, threatened no man's liberty with abridgment, no man's allegiance with modification, would naturally have won the sympathy if not the approval of large numbers of able and honest men, and those who took part in it would have had the moral support of the civilized world. Such a rising, therefore, would have meant not revolution but civil war; and civil war, waged in denial of a claim of right, is something from which Englishmen of all classes and conditions recoil. There could not be, in short, a more striking example of the effectiveness of this threat as a last resort than the fact that the Duke of Wellington, of all men in the kingdom, justified his consent to the bill, irrespective of other considerations, by the necessity of avoiding civil war. "If I could," said he, "avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." So the Emancipation bill was passed, this speech contributing perhaps more than anything else to beat down the last remnant of opposition to it.

"The Catholic cause," says Mr. May, "owed its triumph to no moral conversion. The Government was overawed by the hostile demonstrations of a formidable confederacy supported by the Irish people and priesthood, and menacing authority with their physical force. But however powerful this association, its efforts would have been paralyzed without a good cause supported by eminent statesmen and an influential party in Parliament."

In 1832, the very same means were used, and successfully used, to carry the Reform bill. The governing classes resisted to the verge of war. Monster meetings were held all over the country; compulsion by physical force was not only threatened and talked of, but prepared. Finally, at the famous meeting in Birmingham, it was announced that 100,000 men would march on London—not men of the "middle classes" either, but working-men and artisans, the very class who now attend Bright's meetings—and the bill was finally passed amidst the excitement caused by fears of a collision between the troops and the people.

There is nothing in the history of the time better known than that the extreme measure of swamping the peers by a new creation was dictated by the desire of the kings and Whigs to avoid a bloody revolution. The fact is, that behind all great popular agitation in any country lies the possibility of an appeal to physical force, often, it is true, only dimly seen, but still visible. A popular party claiming from a privileged class the recognition of a right would proclaim its own helplessness and imbecility if it announced that it would never under any circumstances resort to the last argument of peoples as well as of kings. No aristocracy, whether composed of "middle class" or upper class, was ever yet induced, solely by appeals to its reason or sense of justice, to consent to share its power with those below it. No large body of slaves have ever been emancipated by their owners simply from a conviction of the wrongfulness of slaveholding. When men talk of gaining their political ends by discussion and moral force, they mean simply that they hope to gain them by ordinary and legal means; that they will continue to use these means for an indefinite period; but that, should they ever become convinced that discussion is useless, they will resort to physical force should it seem to them expedient.

As regards the Irish land question, Mr. Bright has only presented in a rough shape the solution which every candid and thinking Englishman believes in his secret heart must come sooner or later. Real estate in Ireland does not at this moment, in spite of the cheapness of labor, and let the title be ever so good, bring over one-third of the price of land in England, owing in the main to the belief of all capitalists that the tenure in the former country is not yet settled. Moreover, Mr. Bright's plan is in principle that which Mr. John Stuart Mill propounded years ago as the only settlement of the Irish difficulty from which either peace or prosperity might be expected; it is that by which Stein raised the Prussian peasantry out of a pit of misery and degradation and converted them into one of the most comfortable, intelligent, and proud communities in the world. It is that, too, which raised the French peasant from the ragged, half-starved, thoughtless hind described by Arthur Young into the cannie, industrious, hard-headed "citizen" of our day. Through it men whom a century ago rollicking gentlemen shot as wild animals are to-day the terror of kings and nobles—as skilled, too, in the arts of peace as in those of war. It is no secret that Mr. Gladstone, as well as many other prominent English Liberals, recognizes the abnormal character of the Irish trouble and the hopelessness of seeking to cure it by ordinary English methods. The evil is so deep-seated that nothing short of social revolution will eradicate it. Centuries of civil war, persecution, and bad government have produced that low standard of living, that want of practical sense, that strange inability to measure the relation between means and results, that absence of all sense of the ridiculous in spite of their strong sense of humor, those absurd notions of dignity, and that boyish in-consequence both in language and in behavior for which Irish politicians are unhappily notorious, and of which the Fenian movement is a remarkable and somewhat sad illustration. In other words, the root of the Irish difficulty is to be found in the character of the Irish people, and their character cannot be changed now by any purely political reform. The abolition of the state church would be a great act of justice, but it would do only very little; the concession of legal security for the tenant's property in his improvements would also be a great act of justice, but it, too, would do very little. The reform has to be social. An entirely new class of influences and motives will have to be brought to bear on the people in their daily life through one or two generations before we can expect any great change either in their way of thinking, feeling, or acting; and these can only be provided in Ireland by a radical change in the ownership of the soil. The only lever strong enough to raise the Irish peasant out of the slough of despond in which he now wallows is the possession of land in fee simple. Those who denounce Mr. Bright for talking of giving him this do not deny the probability of its elevating the peasantry, but they fear its effect on the security of property in other parts of the kingdom—a kingdom, too, in which for centuries property has been a more sacred thing than men. But if, as we believe, the thing has yet to be done by some means, whether fair or foul, it must be talked of, and the sooner the better. The man who first talks of it is pretty sure to become a black sheep, but the public will gradually get used to him, and he may count even-

tually on seeing black the fashionable color. And we do not believe that any such change in Ireland would imperil property elsewhere. It would destroy confidence in nothing except in possession based on fraud or force, or legislation based on injustice. The great lesson it would teach would be the folly, in a worldly sense, of setting up a social system of which poverty and repression and inequality were essential parts. No English landlord would be affected by it any more than by the French Revolution, and its effects on the political position of England would be almost incalculable. It would in thirty or forty years convert a disaffected dependency into the right arm of the empire. Those who ascribe Irish troubles to race, and therefore despair of their removal, or of seeing Ireland ever become a part of Great Britain, forget that the Irish are of the same race as the French, and that the scatter-brained and ridiculous "senators" and "generals" who "invade" Canada and "promote" each other for a share in "the battle of Lime Ridge" owe simply to the widely different social and political influences to which they and their fathers have been exposed the great interval which separates them from the Frenchmen who have taught the world the art of organization, who have swept Europe with their armies, and sent their ideas and their language into every civilized household.

Those who talk of national independence as the cure for Irish misery are even wilder enemies of the country, and have less comprehension of its condition, than Lord Derby. The very symptoms which prove the necessity of a radical course of treatment prove also the folly of even talking of a national government. There has probably been no such government in modern times as Fenians would set up in Dublin if they had their way. What we have seen of the performances of the generals and statesmen of the Brotherhood in this country may give us some idea of what that government would be, but only a very faint one, as we may be sure. The capers of these gentlemen, with no funds but the contributions of servant girls and laborers at their disposal, would be as nothing to the capers they would cut if placed in possession of the revenues of a kingdom. The nearest possible approach to a proper conception of the nature of their administration may be obtained by fancying the Pope's government, the Sultan's government, the government of Costa Rica, and the government of New York City mixed in equal proportions and flavored with George Francis Train's rhetoric.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE people of this State have voted by a large majority in favor of calling a convention to revise the constitution of the State. Delegates will probably be elected in April, and the convention itself will, no doubt, meet in May or June.

During the next six months the minds of all who study our internal politics will be much occupied with the consideration of the subjects which will come before the convention for decision. That decision will indeed be settled by the discussions of the next six months. No one doubts that very serious changes will be made by the convention, and the direction and extent of these changes will depend very greatly upon the manifestations of public sentiment during this winter.

We presume that the great mass of those citizens who voted for the convention are satisfied that the present constitution has gone too far in the direction of decentralization. No one wishes to adopt the French system, by which the people have substantially no power further than to select one man, and then leave everything to him; nor is it even desired that power should be as much concentrated as it is under the Constitution of the United States. But every voter knows that he is in the habit of voting for thrice as many candidates as it is possible for him to know anything about, and that he is continually made the unwitting instrument of elevating unworthy men to office. A medium course will be most acceptable to the mass of the people, who neither desire to vote for every public officer, nor yet to have every one appointed by the governor.

Upon the subject of an elective judiciary, especially when the system is extended to large cities, we presume that the sentiment of the reflecting and intelligent class of the community is almost unanimous. Some other plan must certainly be devised, though we shall not on this occa-

sion undertake to suggest one, preferring to reserve so large a subject to be dealt with separately.

The great delays of our courts, especially in the Court of Appeals, also demand the interference of the convention as imperatively as did the similar difficulties of the old Supreme Court in 1846. Either we must have two courts of last resort, with all the evils of conflicting decisions, of equal authority, or the number of appealable cases must be limited.

The corruption of the Legislature is a fault which the convention should at least seriously consider and endeavor to remedy. We are strongly inclined to the belief that more numerous bodies would be found less corruptible, though a large assembly is of course unwieldy, and apt to be quite as slow to do good as to do evil.

There is a strong feeling in favor of a return to the old system of electing assemblymen by a general ticket in each county, the single district system having, it is thought, lowered the character of the Legislature. But if this is done, it is clear that some representation must be given to the minority in each county, for it is certain that the Republican party will never consent to give up all chance of having a member of the Legislature from New York, Kings, and Erie Counties, as it would if it agreed to any plan for allowing each county to choose its assemblymen by general ticket on a majority vote. Neither will it do to attempt an equal division between the majority and minority, as is done with respect to the supervisors of New York city. Such a plan leads to a common corruption, besides being grossly unfair towards the local majority. Some scheme by which the minority in each large county should have a number of members proportioned to its actual vote, would seem to be the best attainable, and we trust will be adopted. In counties electing less than three members, the single district system is practically unobjectionable.

The extension of the suffrage to colored men upon the same footing with whites we presume to be almost certain, as far as the action of the convention can decide it. But the Legislature ought to adopt the same rule in providing for the election of delegates to the convention. At such an election all male citizens have a right to vote; and we have a precedent for this course in the action of the Legislature on a similar question in 1801. The question of applying some test of intelligence to electors, as is done in some parts of New England, will no doubt be broached, and we hope it will receive full consideration.

It is highly desirable that some means should be devised for improving our whole system of legislation. Some kind of permanent committee or council might, we think, be provided, by which all statutes should be put into proper shape and made uniform in style. This council would also, by reason of its permanency and consequent experience, perceive and point out the evil tendencies of many bills which are now slipped through without attracting attention. The total incapacity of our Legislature to deal with any broad measures, such as the codes, or even a revision of the statutes, is a fact which ought to excite the convention to an anxious desire for a reform. If the Legislature were required to hold an extra session once in every ten years for the exclusive purpose of revising and consolidating the statutory and common law, it would be no more than is really needed by the State.

We have thus endeavored merely to suggest a few topics which ought to come before the convention. We cannot too strongly urge the importance of selecting the best men for delegates to a body charged with such grave duties, or the necessity of public discussion upon the themes which are to come before it.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Nov. 16, 1866.

THE court has quitted St. Cloud for its usual autumn sojourn at Compiègne, for which favorite scene of hunting and gaiety the first "batch" of guests leave Paris to-day. All those who are thus chosen to share the Imperial hospitality are notified, by the card of invitation, of the day and hour at which they must be at the railway station, where a special train awaits them, and conveys themselves, their luggage, and their servants to the Imperial château. Received by the major domo on their arrival in the vestibule of the palace, they are shown, on a large map of the house, hung on the wall, the rooms which each will occupy during his stay, and are then shown to their respective quarters by tall footmen of the blandest manners, and

arrayed in the green and gold of the Imperial livery. Three rooms, forming parlor, bedroom, and dressing-room, are allotted to each guest, these rooms being models of elegant comfort. On reaching their quarters this evening the guests will find bright fires burning, lamps lighted, and every convenience ready to their hand. Their baggage and their own servants will speedily make their appearance, and they will just have time to dress and make themselves thoroughly comfortable before they are summoned to descend for dinner. A servant of the palace will take the orders of each guest in regard to the materials of next morning's "little breakfast," and the hour at which it shall be served; and shortly afterwards, each guest will obey the summons to descend to the large parlor adjoining the dining-room, where all the visitors assemble and, await the entrance of their Majesties. The brilliant gathering of ministers, marshals, diplomats, and notabilities of the aristocratic, financial, literary, and scientific worlds, with their respective wives, all in full dress, being duly assembled, a chamberlain throws open a door communicating with the Imperial boudoir, and announces their Majesties, who thereupon enter the room, arm-in-arm, and make the tour of the company, welcoming each person with a few words of easy greeting. They then pass on into the dining-room, take their places in the centre of the oval table, followed by the guests, who seat themselves under the auspices of the servants, all in the order indicated by cards laid on each plate. Beside each plate is a bill of fare, printed on satin; and the dinner is, of course, such a repast as a lover of his kind, improving on the famous wish of Henri IV., might desire to see the rest of humanity sit down to daily. As both Emperor and Empress shine in the dispensing of the elegant hospitality, divested of the stiffness of official etiquette, which especially marks their receptions at Fontainebleau and at Compiègne, and talk freely with those whom they receive at their table, these dinners are as animated and agreeable as they are elegant and *recherchés*. After dinner their Majesties, on rising from the table, pass into the great drawing-room, again followed by their guests. The Empress generally seats herself in a favorite arm-chair, the lady guests grouping themselves about her. The gentlemen talk to the ladies, or form little groups among themselves; and the Emperor moves slowly about the room, going from group to group, listening to what is being said in each, and often joining in any conversation that happens to be going forward. Coffee is handed round by splendid "Mercuries," and the company becomes gradually more and more animated.

These evening gatherings are often varied by games of various kinds, music, the acting of charades, and even the getting up of plays in which the various parts are taken by the guests. Some of these entertainments are extremely splendid; all the resources of chemistry, upholstery, jewellery, and millinery being pressed into the service of the whim of the moment.

The mornings are passed by the guests as they please, some remaining quietly in their rooms, others passing them in the magnificent library; others, again, riding, driving, walking, or visiting one another in their respective apartments. At a quarter before twelve all, in elegant morning toilette, gather in the parlor, where they are joined by their Majesties, who, after dispensing their salutations to each guest as they do before dinner, lead the way, in similar style, to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, as perfect in itself as the more sumptuous evening meal.

The Emperor is always hard at work up to the hour of lunch, but when not too busy with state affairs generally spends the afternoon out of doors. There are hunting and shooting, long excursions in the forest, visits to neighboring sites of interest, and whenever a grand hunt has taken place the curious scene of the *curée*—picturesque but horrible—is enacted in the great Court of Honor. On these occasions the Emperor's hounds, each held in leash by a valet wearing the gay livery of the Imperial hunt, are ranged in a vast circle round the court. Behind each valet stands a second valet holding aloft a lighted torch, and behind this circle of flame is a dense crowd composed of the host of servants and employés belonging to the Imperial household. The Emperor and Empress, with their guests in their splendid dress, assemble in the balconies and galleries that overhang the court, the dark mass of the palace, with its lighted windows and the tops of the trees dimly seen against the sky, making up a scene of lights and shadows that would delight the hearts of the old Flemish painters. At a signal from the Emperor, the hounds are suddenly loosed, and spring with yells of savage delight upon their prey, which they tear to pieces and devour, literally, in the twinkling of an eye. The ordinary *curée*, in which the stag set apart for the dogs' repast has been killed in the course of the day's hunt, is called the *curée froide*. The *curée chaude*, in which the hapless stag, captured, but not killed, chained to a stake in the middle of the court, is devoured alive by the hounds, is reserved for the visit of a crowned head. The only occasion when this hideous relic of barbarous times has been resuscitated during

the present reign is said to have been during the visit of the King of Prussia to Fontainebleau. The evidence of the appetite for horrors which this abominable custom presupposes in wearers of diadems, crops up here now and then not only among the uneducated masses, but among those who might be expected to have reached a higher phase of development. Think of a father, holding high rank in the French army, an educated, clever, and amiable man, taking his young daughter, a few days ago, to the Morgue to witness the sad and revolting display of the dead bodies of people who have died by accident, and who, having nothing about them to show their identity, are kept there by the police until claimed by their friends. After such a proof of depraved taste on the part of persons moving in a superior walk of life, it seems natural enough that the two most popular amusements of the day, at this present writing, in this brilliant city, are the ghastly figure of a murdered woman so cunningly imitated in wax that it passes with the crowd for being a real corpse, as the exhibitor impudently proclaims it to be, and a similar horror declared to be "the head of a guillotined Kentuckian," which is made to roll its eyes and to talk, by means, it is supposed, of electrified wires and a hidden ventriloquist.

The mention of these unhealthy symptoms of the moral condition of the Parisians reminds me of the mysterious duel which had so greatly excited the curiosity and the horror of this region at the date of my last. The researches of the police have at length ascertained that the victim, son of the late banker, M. Séguin, fell by the hand of Lieutenant Lucca, the officer of the Zouaves who, as your readers may remember, applied, at three in the morning, at one of the police-stations for help in carrying home a friend whom he stated to have been wounded in a duel, and who was found lying dead of a sword-thrust in the chest, on the pavement, at the foot of a lamp-post. Lieutenant Lucca now declares that young Séguin, who was his most intimate friend, struck him on the face in a drunken quarrel; that he wished to pass over the insult, as it was committed under the influence of wine, and that young Séguin then struck him again in the same manner and challenged him to an instant fight; that he still refused to fight him, attributing his violence to the excitement of wine, when Séguin not only struck him again, but fell upon him with such violence as to compel him to draw his sword; that he still had no intention of doing more than defend himself, when Séguin, rushing upon him in a state of ungovernable fury, slipped and fell with all his might upon his sword, thus killing himself through his own act and deed. As Lucca still refuses to give the names of the seconds or other witnesses of this extraordinary affair, he remains under arrest, and will, it is said, be tried by a court-martial.

A pleasanter item in the physiognomy of the moment is the wonderful new ballet which is drawing all the *beau monde* of this spectacle-loving capital to the Grand Opera. It is called "The Spring," and is a happy mixture, splendid, but defying analysis, of romance, fairy tale, and extravaganza, in which the *Naiad* of the *Fountain* and her train of water-elves, a wicked wood-sprite, a youth named *Djeueil* (with whom the *Naiad* is in love), a girl named *Nouredda* (who hates *Djeueil*, but with whom *Djeueil* is in love), a magic flower, a dignitary called a *Khan*, and an immense personnel of mortals in picturesque clothing, of good and bad fairies, electric lights, moonshine, caves, clouds, soldiers, bandits, slave-dealers, and ugly old women go through complicated mazes of pantomime, dancing, music, sleeping, waking, and miscellaneous adventures, winding up with the suicide of the *Naiad*, who obligingly transfers her loving soul to *Nouredda* and dies in the process, while the happy pair, thus unexpectedly brought together, waltz off together in pantomimic rapture under an alley of gorgeous blossoms.

Carlotta Patti, whose lameness keeps her from the stage, is creating a *furore* in the provinces, where she is giving concerts in a group of kindred stars. She will give a series of these entertainments at the Théâtre Syrique during the exhibition of next year.

Two young sisters, Julia and Juliette Delepierre, are rousing the enthusiasm of the lovers of music by their exquisite playing on the violin, in which walk of art they bid fair to rival the Sisters Ferin and the Sisters Milanollo, and the lovers of mysteries are flocking to behold the phenomena which are said to be produced by the "magnetism" of a little girl now "on view" at the Grand Hotel, and who, by the mere fact of her presence, sets all the chairs and tables in motion.

Public sentiment is still greatly excited by the accounts of the wreck of the *Evening Star* received from the survivors of that disaster, and especially by the incredible cruelty of the thirteen men who, having suffered poor Mlle. de Méry to cling for five hours, unaided, to the edge of their boat, allowed the brave girl to sink to the bottom at last from sheer exhaustion. The solemn service celebrated here a week ago, in memory of the victims of that catastrophe, will probably be followed by the erection in the cemetery of Père la Chaise of a monument commemorative of their names.

FLORENTINE MOSAICS.

VENICE, Oct. 28, 1866.

"MOSAIC is the only painting for eternity" wrote old Ghirlandajo, while Ruskin maintains that the most vivid conditions of color attainable by human art are those of works in glass and enamel. Never have I been so impressed with the truth of these sentences as now, after a minute examination of the treasures of ancient and modern mosaics which Venice can boast. During one of my almost daily visits to St. Mark's, I was lamenting to a friend that the burnished glories of Titian and Tintoretto were vanishing so rapidly from the cupolas and domes, on which he assured me that within a very short space of time they would be restored to their pristine splendor by Dr. Salviati. The name reawakened certain memories of mosaics in the Italian court of the London Exhibition of 1851, and, without delay, I hastened to the manufactory on Campo Rio, where I was introduced to the art-loving doctor, who devoted an entire afternoon to the explanation of his method and the exhibition of his treasures. The immense palace on the Canal Grande, from roof to foundation, is occupied by the manufactory of mosaic pictures, while in another establishment at Murano, Laurentio Radi, who has spent forty-five years of his life in experiments, fabricates the colored and gold and silver cakes of enamel of which the pictures are composed. In the composition of the *paste* of which these enamels are formed, and in the method of cutting them, consists the uncontested superiority to which Radi the artisan, and Salviati the artist and capitalist, have by their combined efforts attained. The colored enamels are formed of the siliceous and other materials of which common glass is composed; but to these are added other mineral substances which, duly prepared and fused, impart to the paste its density, hardness, and color. Gold and silver enamels are formed by laying a leaf of gold or silver on a plate of thick glass or enamel, then spreading over the leaf a film—a breath of purest glass—either colorless or of any tint required; these three layers fused together form one homogeneous body. Mosaic work has been adopted from the time when the pavement of the palace of King Ahasuerus was formed of "pieces of various colors" up to the present—the difference consists in the substance, especially of these gold enamels, and still more in the method of cutting and fitting them. The monumental or Byzantine mosaic is easily recognized, because the separate pieces, not being quite regular, do not fit into each other (whereas the inlaid Florentine and Roman mosaics are perfectly smooth), the result being obtained by the filling in of the interstices with cement, and then rubbing and polishing the entire surface. The disadvantage of the latter process is shown in the works of some of the oldest masters, as in the dome of Aix la Chapelle, and here in St. Mark's, where, the cement yielding, the pieces of marble or enamel have fallen out; and in order to remedy this defect, Radi invented a system for cutting the enamels, which, owing to the sharpness of the angles and fineness of the edges, fit into each other perfectly. The beauty of this last system is especially to be noticed in the life-like portraits wrought in this establishment, while the absence of all rigidity of lines is as admirable as the exquisite gradations of the flesh tints. Another advantage of the modern over the ancient mosaic workers is found in the fact that, whereas the Zuccatis, Bianchini, and Bayyas were compelled to toil painfully on scaffoldings, fixing their bits into the actual roofs and pavements, the immense mosaic pictures wrought in this establishment can, by the ingenious device of working with the surface downwards, be composed piece by piece, and afterwards transported and fixed in their destined place. Thus the first-rate mosaic worker is engaged on the heads of the subject, the second on the hands, and the rest on the drapery. It would be a mistake to confound these artists with mere copyists, for the authors of the cartoons, as did Titian and Tintoret, only give the subject full size in pencil, with a small sketch to indicate color. Salviati seems to take intense pride in his workmen, and has established a school of design for them, so that the humblest artisan may learn the principles of drawing and of geometry. The amount of work executed within the last ten years in this establishment is wonderful. The groined ceiling of the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor Castle is covered with Venetian enamel mosaics, the design comprehending nineteen figures, inscriptions, coats of arms, etc. The large mosaic picture on one of the eight spandrels under the dome of St. Paul's was fixed in July, and the mosaics for the other seven are now in course of composition; the vaulted roof of the canopy over the statue of Prince Albert, a mosaic cross over the chancel aisle of All Saints' Church in Windsor, the soffits of twelve side windows and of the great blank west window in the Wolsey Chapel, and the twenty-eight panels in the same window to contain full-length portraits of the sovereigns and prelates who have at various times been engaged in the erection or decoration of the castle, and other church decorations, are com-

pleted or in course of completion, while the mosaic of Clayton's famous cartoon of the "Last Supper," for Westminster Abbey, is by Salviati considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. He has now a contract for the complete restoration of the great mosaic work which covered the entire dome of the Aix la Chapelle Cathedral, the burial place of Charlemagne, and probably the only building remaining of his period. The original mosaic is almost entirely destroyed, but fortunately the cartoon remains and is to be followed in spirit and in letter. His commissions amount at the present moment to \$200,000, and both the outlay of capital involved and the burden of the administration have induced him to seek to establish an Anglo-Italian Mosaic Company for the purpose of carrying out all these and future commissions. The beauty of the coloring and the perfect setting of these works no one can dispute; the authors of the cartoons are enthusiastic in their praise of the fidelity and grace of the copyists. The price is exceedingly moderate: the design for the Wolsey Chapel, measuring 2,100 superficial feet, was executed in ten months at a cost, including transit from Venice and fixing, of £4,725. Competent judges opine that these mosaics will be more durable and retain their color better than any former specimens. I think the best proof of Salviati's merits is to be found in the fact that the committee for the restoration of St. Mark's Cathedral, after minute and repeated investigations, have pronounced his enamels or smalto to be immeasurably superior in lustre, color, and cutting not only to those of all the present workers, but also to those of the ancient mosaics, and hence advise that he should be employed in repairing the old pictures and the making of new ones in the church.

A small specimen of these enamel mosaics may be seen by your readers in a Brooklyn church, where a tablet in enamel mosaic, on Carrara marble, with a portrait, on a gold enamel ground, of the late Dr. Bethune, has been placed by his wife. The enterprising Dr. Salviati is full of hope that, under the new régime, he will receive commissions from his own countrymen, and if all goes well with him he intends founding a mosaic school for women. Not less interesting or beautiful is his collection of blown Venetian glass—chandeliers, goblets, *calice*, *tazze*, wine-glasses, cruetts, flagons, etc.—precise imitations of the ancient forms, and colored with the wonderful hues supposed to be lost at the commencement of this century. I have spent two delightful days with the glass-blowers of Murano, and never have I seen men so earnest and enthusiastic about their work. If you give them a suggestion, they will work it out, repeat the experiment again and again, until they are satisfied that the article produced is as perfect as it can be made. All the old colors, such as the flame, *fiamma*; *aquamarina*, a pale sea green; *avventurina*, or opalized glass, are recovered, and some of the ruby and purple tints excel in brilliancy any that I have ever seen; still, I think I admire most the bubbled filagree on the glass, in which threads of opaque white cross each other on a surface of transparent glass, each interstice enclosing a drop or bubble of air. The glass is all blown, no moulds being used, and it is astonishing to see the workmen, with their eyes fixed on a model or even pencil-design, imitate it exactly by alternate blowing through the hollow rod from which the molten glass hangs suspended and twirling in air, darting it into the furnace, deftly catching a drop of color from a fellow-workman's rod, then shaping with shears, while the bystander looks on in continual fear lest the delicate fabric shall unshape itself or drop altogether from the end of the rod. Lightness of touch, an eye for color, and a knowledge of the exact heat required in the various stages seem the chief requisites; all three qualities the Murano workmen have inherited from time immemorial, and they also affirm that the air of Murano has much to do with the transparency and ductility of the material. I have before me the prices of the articles fashioned before my eyes yesterday, and can but marvel at their cheapness. A ruby flagon, ornamented with aquamarina, 8s.; a filagree jug, 10s.; a *calice*, which I would undertake to pass off for antique in London, 3s.; ruby-rimmed tumblers, 9s. each; smaller purple-rimmed tumblers, 6s.; exquisite lily and crocus-shaped flower vases, 1s. 6d. each. Salviati tells me that his shop in Oxford Street is emptied faster than he can fill it, so we may hope that beauty, lightness, and cheapness combined are weaning our matrons from their pride in the heavy, ugly, unnatural cut-glass which, a few years since, was all the rage. I am glad to hear that the commissioners of the approaching royal festivals have assigned the hall known as the *Sala delle quattro porte*, in the Ducal Palace, to Salviati, wherein to expose his treasures of mosaic and blown glass. At present his capital is insufficient for the execution of all the commissions received up to the present time, and he is striving to form an Anglo-Italian company. Whether owing to the unsettled state of affairs or to horror of speculation which characterizes modern Italians with regard to their private fortunes, few Italian shareholders have come forward, and I must confess that I should regret to see this source of national pride and gain pass into the hands of foreigners. Perhaps the new-comers will lend a helping hand.

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The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following

Statement of Its Affairs on the 31st December, 1865:

Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1865, to 31st December, 1865.....	\$6,933,146 80
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1865.....	2,019,334 73
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	\$8,952,471 53
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1865, to 31st December, 1865.....	\$6,764,146 30
Losses paid during the same period.....	\$3,659,178 45
Returns of Premiums and Expenses, \$902,341 44	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.: United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....	\$4,823,585 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise.....	3,330,350 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	221,260 00
Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and other Loans, sundry notes, re-insurance, and other claims due the Company, estimated at.....	144,964 04
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....	3,283,801 96
Cash in Bank, Coin.....	80,463 00
" " U. S. Treasury Note Currency.....	310,551 78

Total Amount of Assets..... \$12,199,715 17
Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of premiums will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of February next.

Fifty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1864 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty-Five per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending the 31st December, 1865, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Third of April next.

By order of the Board, J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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CASH ASSETS NOVEMBER 1, 1866,

\$17,316,001 83.

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Incorporated in 1816.

LOSSES PAID IN 46 YEARS, \$17,485,894 71

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Claims not due and unadjusted, 244,391

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Mature during Life-time, on attaining any stipulated age; but if death sooner occur, the amount of the Policy then becomes due.

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Maturing at death are paid for in Ten Annual Premiums. The party is still insured if the payment of Premiums is discontinued, after two have been paid.

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